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# POEMS
UPON
# Several Occasions.

By the Reverend Mr. JOHN POMFRET.

K-

*VIZ.*

I. The CHOICE.
II. LOVE Triumphant over REASON.
III. CRUELTY and LUST.
IV. On the DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.
V. A Prospect of DEATH.
VI. On the CONFLAGRATION, and Last JUDGMENT.

The TENTH EDITION, Corrected.
With some Account of
His LIFE and WRITINGS.

To which are added,
His REMAINS.

*LONDON:*
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6

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

# THE PREFACE.

IT will be to little Purpoſe, the AUTHOR preſumes, to offer any Reaſons, why the following POEMS appear in Publick; for it is ten to one whether he gives the true, and if he does, it is much greater odds, whether the gentle Reader is ſo courteous as to believe him. He could tell the World, according to the laudable Cuſtom of Prefaces, that

it was through the irreſiſtible Importunity of Friends, or ſome other Excuſe of ancient Renown, that he ventured them to the Preſs; but he thought it much better to leave every Man to gueſs for himſelf, and then he would be ſure to ſatisfy himſelf: For, let what will be pretended, People are grown ſo very apt to fancy they are always in the Right, that, unleſs it hit their Humour, it is immediately condemned for a Sham and Hypocriſy.

In ſhort, that which wants an Excuſe for being in Print, ought

ought not to have been printed at all; but whether the enſuing POEMS deſerve to ſtand in that Claſs, the World muſt have Leave to determine. What Faults the true Judgment of the *Gentleman* may find out, it is to be hoped his Candour and Good Humour will eaſily pardon; but thoſe which the Peeviſhneſs and ill Nature of the *Critic* may diſcover, muſt expect to be unmercifully uſed: Though, methinks, it is a very prepoſterous Pleaſure, to ſcratch other Perſons till the Blood comes, and then laugh at and ridicule them.

SOME

Some Perſons, perhaps, may wonder, How *Things* of this *Nature* dare come into the World without the Protection of ſome great Name, as they call it, and a fulſome *Epiſtle Dedicatory* to his *Grace*, or *Right Honourable*: For, if a Poem ſtruts out under my *Lord*'s *Patronage*, the *Author* imagines it is no leſs than *Scandalum Magnatum* to diſlike it; eſpecially if he thinks fit to tell the World, that this ſame Lord is a Perſon of wonderful *Wit* and *Underſtanding*, a notable Judge of *Poetry*, and a very conſiderable *Poet* himſelf.

But

But if a POEM have no intrinſic Excellencies, and real Beauties, the greateſt Name in the World will never induce a Man of Senſe to approve it; and if it has them, *Tom Piper*'s is as good as my *Lord Duke*'s; the only Difference is, *Tom* claps half an Ounce of Snuff into the Poet's Hand, and his *Grace* Twenty Guineas: For, indeed there lies the Strength of a great Name, and the greateſt Protection an *Author* can receive from it.

To pleaſe every one, would be a new Thing; and to write ſo as to pleaſe no body, would be as new:

new: For even QUARLES and WYTHERS have their Admirers. The Author is not so fond of Fame, to desire it from the injudicious Many; nor of so mortified a Temper, not to wish it from the discerning Few. It is not the Multitude of Applauses, but the Good Sense of the Applauders, which establishes a valuable Reputation; and if a RYMER or a CONGREVE say it is well, he will not be at all solicitous how great the Majority may be to the contrary.

LONDON,
*Anno* 1699.

THE

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POEMS.

# POEMS

ON

# Several Occasions.

## The CHOICE.

IF Heav'n the grateful Liberty would give,
That I might choose my Method how to live;
And all those Hours propitious Fate should lend,
In blissful Ease and Satisfaction spend;

NEAR some fair Town I'd have a private Seat,
Built uniform, not little, nor too great:
Better, if on a rising Ground it stood;
On this Side Fields, on that a neighb'ring Wood.

It ſhould within no other Things contain,
But what are uſeful, neceſſary, plain:
Methinks 'tis naſeous; and I'd ne'er endure
The needleſs Pomp of gaudy Furniture.
A little Garden, grateful to the Eye;
And a cool Rivulet run murm'ring by:
On whoſe delicious Banks a ſtately Row
Of ſhady Limes, or Sycamores, ſhould grow,
At th' End of which a ſilent Study plac'd,
Should be with all the nobleſt Authors grac'd:
HORACE and VIRGIL, in whoſe mighty Lines
Immortal Wit, and ſolid Learning, ſhines;
Sharp JUVENAL, and am'rous OVID too,
Who all the Turns of Love's ſoft Paſſion knew:
He that with Judgment reads his charm'ng Lines,
In which ſtrong Art with ſtronger Nature joins,
Muſt grant his Fancy does the beſt excel;
His Thoughts ſo tender, and expreſs'd ſo well;
With all thoſe Moderns, Men of ſteady Senſe,
Eſteem'd for Learning, and for Eloquence.
In ſome of theſe, as Fancy ſhould adviſe,
I'd always take my Morning Exerciſe:
For ſure no Minutes bring us more Content,
Than thoſe in pleaſing, uſeful Studies ſpent.

I'd have a clear and competent Eſtate,
That I might live genteely, but not great:
As much as I could moderately ſpend;
A little more, ſometimes t' oblige a Friend.

Nor

Nor ſhould the Sons of Poverty repine
Too much at Fortune, they ſhould taſte of mine;
And all that Objects of true Pity were,
Should be reliev'd with what my Wants could ſpare:
For That our Maker has too largely giv'n,
Should be return'd in Gratitude to Heav'n.
A frugal Plenty ſhould my Table ſpread;
With healthy, not luxurious, Diſhes ſpread:
Enough to ſatisfy and ſomething more,
To feed the Stranger, and the neighb'ring Poor.
Strong Meat indulges Vice, and pamp'ring Food,
Creates Diſeaſes, and inflames the Blood.
But what's ſufficient to make Nature ſtrong,
And the bright Lamp of Life continue long,
I'd freely take; and as I did poſſeſs,
The bounteous *Author* of my Plenty bleſs.

I'd have a little Vault, but always ſtor'd
With the beſt Wines each Vintage could afford.
Wine wets the Wit, improves its native Force,
And gives a pleaſant Flavour to Diſcourſe:
By making all our Spirits debonair,
Throws off the Lees, the Sediment of Care.
But as the greateſt Bleſſing Heaven lends,
May be debauch'd and ſerve ignoble Ends;
So, but too oft, the Grape's refreſhing Juice,
Does many miſchievous Effects produce.
My Houſe ſhould no ſuch rude Diſorders know,
As from high Drinking conſequently flow;

It ſhould within no other Things contain,
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May be debauch'd and ſerve ignoble Ends;
So, but too oft, the Grape's refreſhing Juice,
Does many miſchievous Effects produce.
My Houſe ſhould no ſuch rude Diſorders know,
As from high Drinking conſequently flow;

Nor would I uſe what was ſo kindly giv'n,
To the Diſhonour of indulgent Heav'n
If any Neighbour came, he ſhould be free,
Us'd with Reſpect, and not uneaſy be,
In my Retreat, or to himſelf or me.
What Freedom, Prudence, and right Reaſon, gave,
All Men may, with Impunity, receive:
But the leaſt ſwerving from their Rule's too much;
For what's forbidden us, 'tis Death to touch.

THAT Life may be more comfortable yet,
And all my Joys refin'd, ſincere, and great;
I'd chooſe two Friends, whoſe Company would be
A great Advance to my Felicity:
Well born, of Humours ſuited to my own,
Diſcreet, and Men, as well as Books have known:
Brave, gen'rous, witty, and exactly free
From looſe Behaviour, or Formality:
Airy and prudent; merry but not light;
Quick in diſcerning, and in judging right:
Secret they ſhould be, faithful to their Truſt;
In Reas'ning cool, ſtrong, temperate, and juſt?
Obliging, open, without huffing, brave;
Briſk in gay Talking, and in ſober, grave;
Cloſe in Diſpute, but not tenacious; try'd
By ſolid Reaſon, and let that decide:
Not prone to Luſt, Revenge, or envious Hate;
Nor buſy Medlers with Intrigues of State:
Strangers to Slander, and ſworn Foes to Spite;
Not quarrelſome, but ſtout enough to fight;

Loyal

Loyal, pious, Friends to CÆSAR; true,
As dying Martyrs, to their MAKER too.
In their Society I could not miſs
A permanent, ſincere, ſubſtantial Bliſs.

WOULD bounteous Heav'n once more indulge, I'd chooſe
(For who would ſo much Satisfaction loſe,
As witty Nymphs, in Converſation, give)
Near ſome obliging modeſt Fair to live:
For there's that Sweetneſs in a Female Mind,
Which in a Man's we cannot hope to find;
That, by a ſecret, but a pow'rful Art,
Winds up the Spring of Life, and does impart
Freſh vital Heat to the tranſported Heart.

I'D have her Reaſon *all* her Paſſion ſway:
Eaſy in Company, in private gay:
Coy to a Fop, to the deſerving free;
Still conſtant to herſelf, and juſt to me.
A Soul ſhe ſhould have for great Actions fit;
Prudence and Wiſdom to direct her Wit:
Courage to look bold Danger in the Face;
No Fear, but only to be proud, or baſe;
Quick to advice, by an Emergence preſt,
To give good Counſel, or to take the beſt.
I'd have th' Expreſſion of her Thoughts be ſuch,
She might not ſeem reſerv'd, nor talk too much:
That ſhews a Want of Judgment, and of Senſe;
More than enough is but Impertinence.

Her Conduct regular, her Mirth refin'd;
Civil to Strangers, to her Neighbours kind:
Averſe to Vanity, Revenge and Pride;
In all the Methods of Deceit untry'd:
So faithful to her Friend, and good to All:
No Cenſure might upon her Actions fall:
Then would e'en Envy be compell'd to ſay,
She goes the leaſt of Womankind aſtray.

To this fair Creature I'd ſometimes retire;
Her Converſation would new Joys inſpire;
Give Life an Edge ſo keen, no ſurly Care,
Would venture to aſſault my Soul, or dare,
Near my Retreat, to hide one ſecret Snare.
But ſo divine, ſo noble a Repaſt
I'd ſeldom, and with Moderation, taſte:
For higheſt Cordials *all* her Virtue loſe,
By a too frequent and too bold a Uſe;
And what would cheer the Spirits in Diſtreſs,
Ruins our Health, when taken to Exceſs.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious Jar;
Belov'd by All, not vainly popular.
Whate'er Aſſiſtance I had Pow'r to bring,
T' oblige my Country, or to ſerve my King,
Whene'er they call, I'd readily afford
My Tongue, my Pen, my Counſel, or my Sword.
Law-ſuits I'd ſhun, with as much ſtudious Care,
As I would Dens where hungry Lions are;

And

And rather put up Injuries, than be,
A Plague to him, who'd be a Plague to me.
I value Quiet at a Price too great,
To give for my Revenge ſo dear a Rate:
For what do we by all our Buſtle gain,
But counterfeit Delight for real Pain?

IF Heav'n a Date of many Years would give,
Thus I'd in Pleaſure, Eaſe, and Plenty live.
And as I near approach'd the Verge of Life,
Some kind Relation (for I'd have no Wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly Care,
Whilſt I did for a better State prepare.
Then I'd not be with any Trouble vex'd,
Nor have the Evening of my Days perplex'd;
But by a ſilent and a peaceful Death,
Without a Sigh, reſign my aged Breath.
And when committed to the Duſt, I'd have
Few Tears, but friendly dropt into my Grave,
Then would my Exit ſo propitious be,
All Men would wiſh to live and die like me.

# LOVE
## Triumphant over
# REASON.
## A VISION.

THO' gloomy Thoughts diſturb'd my anxious Breaſt
All the long Night, and drove away my Reſt;
Juſt as the dawning Day began to riſe,
A grateful Slumber clos'd my waking Eyes:
But active Fancy to ſtrange Regions flew,
And brought ſurprizing Objects to my View.

METHOUGHT I walk'd in a delightful Grove,
The ſoft Retreat of Gods, when Gods make *Love*.
Each beauteous Object my charm'd Soul amaz'd,
And I on each with equal Wonder gaz'd;
Nor knew which moſt delighted: All was fine:
The noble Product of ſome Pow'r Divine.

But

But as I travers'd the obliging Shade,
Which Myrtle, Jeſſamin, and Roſes, made,
I ſaw a Perſon whoſe cœleſtial Face
At firſt declar'd her Goddeſs of the Place,
But I diſcover'd when approaching near,
An Aſpect full of Beauty, but ſevere.
Bold and majeſtick; ev'ry awful Look
Into my Soul a ſecret Horror ſtruck,
Advancing farther on, ſhe made a Stand,
And beckon'd me; I, kneeling, kiſs'd her Hand:
Then thus began——Bright Deity! (for ſo
You are, no Mortals ſuch Perfections know)
I may intrude; but how I was convey'd
To this ſtrange Place, or by what pow'rful Aid,
I'm wholly ignorant; nor know I no more,
Or where I am, or whom I do adore.
Inſtruct me then, that I no longer may
In Darkneſs ſerve the Goddeſs I obey.

YOUTH! ſhe reply'd, this Place belongs to one,
By whom you'll be, and Thouſands are undone.
Theſe pleaſant Walks, and all theſe ſhady Bow'rs,
Are in the Government of dang'rous Pow'rs.
LOVE's the capricious Maſter of his Coaſt;
This fatal Labyrinth, where Fools are loſt.
I dwell not here amidſt theſe gaudy Things,
Whoſe ſhort Enjoyment no true Pleaſure brings;
But have an Empire of a nobler Kind:
My regal Seat's in the cœleſtial Mind;

Where with a godlike and a peaceful Hand,
I rule and make thoſe happy I command.
For, while I govern, all within's at Reſt;
No ſtormy Paſſion revels in my Breaſt:
But when my Pow'r is deſpicable grown,
And rebel Appetites uſurp the Throne,
The Soul no longer quiet Thoughts enjoys;
But all is Tumult, and eternal Noiſe.
Know, Youth! I'm REASON, which you've oft deſpis'd;
I am that REASON, which you never priz'd:
And tho' my Argument ſucceſsleſs prove,
(For REASON ſeems Impertinence in *Love*)
Yet I'll not ſee my Charge (for all Mankind
Are to my Guardianſhip by Heav'n aſſign'd)
Into the Graſp of any Ruin run,
That I can warn 'em of, and they may ſhun.
Fly, Youth, theſe guilty Shades; retreat in Time,
E're your Miſtake's converted to a Crime:
For Ignorance no longer can atone,
When once the Error and the Fault is known.
You thought perhaps, as giddy Youth inclines,
Imprudently to value all that ſhines,
In theſe Retirements freely to poſſeſs
True Joy, and ſtrong ſubſtantial Happineſs:
But here gay FOLLY keeps her Court, and here,
In Crowds, her tributary Fops appear;
Who blindly laviſh of their golden Days,
Conſume them all in her fallacious Ways.
Pert Love with her, by joint Commiſſion, rules
In this capacious Realm of idle Fools;

Who

Who by falſe Hearts, and popular Deceits,
The careleſs, fond, unthinking Mortal cheats.
'Tis eaſy to deſcend into the Snare,
By the pernicious Conduct of the Fair;
But ſafely to return from his Abode,
Requires the Wit, the Prudence of a God:
Tho' you, who have not taſted that Delight,
Which only at a Diſtance charms your Sight,
May, with a little Toil, retrieve your Heart:
Which loſt is ſubject to eternal Smart.
Bright DELIA's Beauty, I muſt needs confeſs,
Is truly great; nor would I make it leſs:
That were to wrong her, where ſhe merits moſt;
But Dragons guard the Fruit, and Rocks the Coaſt.
And who would run, that's moderately wiſe,
A certain Danger, for a doubtful Prize?
If you miſcarry, you are loſt ſo far;
(For there's no erring twice in *Love* and War)
You'll ne'er recover, but muſt always wear
Thoſe Chains you'll find it difficult to bear,
DELIA has Charms, I own; ſuch Charms would move
Old Age, and frozen Impotence to *Love*:
But do not venture, where ſuch Danger lies;
Avoid the Sight of thoſe victorious Eyes,
Whoſe pois'nous Rays do the Soul impart
Delicious Ruin, and a pleaſing Smart.
You draw, inſenſibly, Deſtruction near;
And love the Danger, which you ought to fear.
If the light Pains you labour under now,
Deſtroy your Eaſe, and make your Spirits bow.

You'll find 'em much more grievous to be borne,
When heavier made by an imperious Scorn:
Nor can you hope, ſhe will your Paſſion hear
With ſofter Notions, or a kinder Ear,
Than thoſe of other Swains; who always found,
She rather widen'd than clos'd up the Wound.
But grant, ſhe ſhould indulge your Flame, and give
Whate'er you aſk, nay, all you can receive;
The ſhort-liv'd Pleaſure would ſo quickly cloy,
Bring ſuch a weak, and ſuch a feeble Joy,
You'd have but ſmall Encouragement to boaſt
The Tinſel Rapture worth the Pains it coſt.
Conſider STREPHON, ſoberly of Things,
What ſtrange Inquietudes LOVE always brings?
The fooliſh Fears, vain Hopes, and Jealouſies,
Which ſtill attend upon this fond Diſeaſe:
How you muſt cringe and bow, ſubmit and wine;
Call ev'ry Feature, ev'ry Look, Divine:
Command each Sentence with an humble Smile;
Tho' Nonſenſe, ſwear it is a heav'nly Style:
Servilely rail at all ſhe diſapproves;
And as ignobly flatter all ſhe loves:
Renounce your very Senſe, and ſilent ſit,
While ſhe puts off Impertinence for Wit:
Like Setting-dog, new whipp'd for ſpringing Game,
You muſt be made by due Correction, tame.
But if you can endure the nauſeous Rule
Of Woman, do; love on, and be a Fool.
You know the Danger, your own Methods uſe;
The Good or Evil's in your Pow'r to chooſe:

But who'd expect a ſhort and dubious Bliſs
On the Declining of a Precipice;
Where if ſhe ſlips, not Fate itſelf can ſave
The falling Wretch from an untimely Grave?

THOU great Directreſs of our Minds, ſaid I,
We ſafely on your Dictates may rely;
And that which you have now ſo kindly preſt,
Is true, and, without Contradiction, beſt:
But with a ſteady Sentence to controul
The Heat and Vigour of a youthful Soul,
While gay Temptations hover in our Sight,
And daily bring new Objects of Delight,
Which on us with ſurprizing Beauty ſmile,
Is difficult; but is a noble Toil.
The beſt may ſlip, and the moſt Cautious fall;
He's more than mortal that ne'er err'd at all.
And tho' fair DELIA has my Soul poſſeſt,
I'll chaſe her bright Idea from my Breaſt:
At leaſt, I'll make one Eſſay. If I fail,
And DELIA's Charms o'er REASON does prevail,
I may be, ſure, from rigid Cenſures free,
LOVE was my Foe; and LOVE's a Deity.

THEN ſhe rejoin'd; May you ſucceſsful prove,
In your Attempt to curb impetuous LOVE:
Then will proud Paſſion on her rightful Lord,
You to yourſelf I to my Throne reſtor'd:
But to confirm your Courage, and inſpire
Your Reſolution with a bolder Fire,

Follow

Follow me, Youth! I'll ſhew you that ſhall move
Your Soul to curſe the Tyranny of LOVE.

THEN ſhe convey'd me to a diſmal Shade,
Which melancholly Yew and Cypreſs made;
Where I beheld with antiquated Pile
Of rugged Building in a narrow Iſle;
The Water round it gave a nauſeous Smell,
Like Vapours ſteeming from a ſulph'rous Cell.
The ruin'd Wall, compos'd of ſtinking Mud,
O'er-grown with Hemlock, on Supporters ſtood:
As did the Roof, ungrateful to the View:
'Twas both an Hoſpital, and Bedlam too.
Before the Entrance, mould'ring Bones were ſpread,
Some Skeletons entire, ſome lately dead;
A little Rubbiſh, looſely ſcatter'd o'er
Their Bodies uninterr'd, lay round the Door,
No Fun'ral Rites to any here were paid;
But dead like Dogs into the Duſt convey'd.
From hence, by REASON's Conduct, I was brought,
Thro' various Turnings to a ſpacious Vault;
Where I beheld, and 'twas a mournful Sight,
Vaſt Crowds of Wretches all debarr'd from Light.
But what a few dim Lamps, expiring, had;
Which made the Proſpect more amazing ſad.
Some wept, ſome rav'd, ſome muſically mad:
Some ſwearing loud, and others laughing: Some
Where always talking; others always dumb.
Here one, a Dagger in his Breaſt, expires,
And quenches with his Blood his am'rous Fires:

There

There hangs a ſecond; and not far remov'd,
A third lies poiſon'd, who falſe CELIA lov'd.
All Sorts of Madneſs, ev'ry Kind of Death,
By which unhappy Mortals loſe their Breath,
Were here expos'd before my wand'ring Eyes,
The ſad Effects of Female Treacheries.
Others I ſaw who were not quite bereft
Of Senſe, tho' very ſmall Remains were left,
Curſing the fatal Folly of their Youth,
For truſting to perjurious Woman's Truth.
Theſe on the Left.—Upon the Right a View
Of equal Horror, equal Mis'ry too;
Amazing, all employ'd my troubled Thoughts,
And with new Wonder, new Averſion brought.
There I beheld a wretched, num'rous Throng
Of pale, lean Mortals; ſome lay ſtretch'd along,
On Beds of Straw, diſconſolate and poor;
Others extended naked on the Floor;
Exil'd from human Pity, here they lie,
And know no End of Mis'ry till they die,
But Death, which comes in gay and proſp'rous Days
Too ſoon, in Time of Miſery delays.

THESE dreadful Spectacles had ſo much Pow'r,
I vow'd, and ſolemnly, to *love* no more:
For ſure that Flame is kindled from below,
Which breeds ſuch ſad Variety of Woe.

THEN we deſcended, by ſome few Degrees,
From this ſtupendous Scene of Miſeries;

Bold

Bold REASON brought me to another Cave,
Dark as the inmoſt Chambers of the Grave.
Here, Youth, ſhe cry'd, in the acuteſt Pain
Thoſe Villains lie who have their Fathers ſlain,
Stabb'd their own Brothers, nay, their Friends to pleaſe
Ambitious, proud, revengeful, Miſtreſſes;
Who, after all their Services, preferr'd
Some rugged Fellow of the brawny Herd
Before thoſe Wretches; who deſpairing, dwell
In Agonies no human Tonge can tell.
Darkneſs prevents the too amazing Sight;
And you may bleſs the happy Want of Light.
But my tormented Ears were fill'd with Sighs,
Expiring Groans, and lamentable Cries,
So very ſad, I could endure no more;
Methought I felt the Miſeries they bore.

THEN to my Guide ſaid I, For Pity, now
Conduct me back; here I confirm my Vow.
Which if I dare infringe, be this my Fate;
To die thus wretched, and repent too late.
The Charms of Beauty I'll no more purſue:
DELIA, farewel, farewel for ever too.

THEN we return'd to the delightful Grove;
Where REASON ſtill diſſuaded me from LOVE.
You ſee, ſhe cry'd, what Miſery attends
On LOVE, and where too frequently it ends;
And let not that unweildly Paſſion ſway
Your Soul, which none but whining Fools obey.

The

The maſculine, brave Spirit ſcorns to own
The proud Uſurper of my ſacred Throne;
Nor, with idolatrous Devotion, prays,
To the falſe God or Sacrifice or Praiſe.
The Syren's Muſic charms the Sailor's Ear;
But he is ruin'd, if he ſtops to hear:
And, if you liſten, LOVE's harmonious Voice
As much delights, as certainly deſtroys.
*Ambroſia* mix'd with *Aconite* may have
A pleaſant Taſte, but ſends you to the Grave:
For tho' the latent Poiſon may be ſtill,
A while, it very ſeldom fails to kill.
But who'd partake the Food of Gods, to die
Within a Day, or live in Miſery?
Who'd eat with Emperors, if o'er his Head
A Poniard hung but by a ſingle Thread? *
LOVE's Banquets are extravagantly ſweet,
And either kill, or ſurfeit, all that eat;
Who, when the ſated Appetite is tir'd,
E'en loath the Thoughts of what they once admir'd.
You've promis'd, STREPHON, to forſake the Charms
Of DELIA, tho' ſhe courts you to her Arms:
And ſure I may your Reſolution truſt;
You'll never want Temptation, but be juſt.
Vows of this Nature, Youth muſt not be broke;
You're always bound, tho' 'tis a gentle Yoke.

* The Feaſt of DEMOCLES.

Would Men be wiſe, and my Advice purſue,
Love's Conqueſt would be ſmall, his Triumphs few:
For nothing can oppoſe his Tyranny,
With ſuch a Proſpect of Succeſs as I.
Me he deteſts, and from my Preſence flies,
Who knows his Arts, and Stratagems deſpiſe,
By which he cancels mighty Wiſdom's Rules,
To make himſelf the Deity of Fools:
Him dully they adore, him blindly ſerve;
Some while they are Sots and others while they ſtarve;
For thoſe who under his wild Conduct go,
Either come Coxcombs, or he makes 'em ſo,
His Charms deprive, by her ſtrange Influence,
The Brave of Courage, and the Wiſe of Senſe:
In vain Philoſophy would ſet the Mind,
At Liberty, if once by him confin'd:
The Scholar's Learning, and the Poet's Wit,
A while may ſtruggle, but at laſt ſubmit:
Well weigh'd Reſults, and wiſe Concluſions, ſeem
But empty Chat, Impertinence, to him:
His Opiates ſeize ſo ſtrongly on the Brain,
They make all prudent Application vain,
If therefore, you reſolve to live at Eaſe,
To taſte the Sweetneſs of internal Peace;
Would not for Safety to a Battle fly,
Or chooſe a Shipwreck, if afraid to die;
Far from theſe pleaſurable Shades remove,
And leave the fond, inglorious Toil of Love.

THIS

THIS ſaid, ſhe vaniſh'd, and methought I found
Myſelf tranſported to a riſing Ground;
From whence I did a pleaſant Vale ſurvey:
Large was the Proſpect, beautiful, and gay,
There I beheld th' Apartments of Delight,
Whoſe curious Forms oblidg'd the wond'ring Sight,
Some in full View upon the Champain plac'd,
With lofty Walls and cooling Streams embrac'd:
Others, in ſhady Groves, retir'd from Noiſe;
The Seat of private and exalted Joys.
At a great Diſtance I perceiv'd there ſtood
A ſtately Building in a ſpacious Wood,
Whoſe gilded Turrets rais'd their beauteous Heads,
High in the Air, to ſhew the neighb'ring Meads;
Where vulgar Lovers ſpend their happy Days,
In ruſtic Dancing, and delightful Plays.
But while I gaz'd with Admiration round,
I heard from far cœleſtial Muſic ſound:
So ſoft, ſo moving, ſo harmonious all
The artful, charming Notes did riſe and fall;
My Soul, tranſported with the graceful Airs,
Shook off the Preſſures of its former Fears:
I felt afreſh the little God begin,
To ſtir himſelf, and gentle move within.
Then I repented I had vow'd, no more
To *love*, or DELIA's beauteous Eyes adore.
Why am I now condemn'd to Baniſhment,
And made an Exile, by my own Conſent?

I ſighing

I ſighing cry'd, Why, ſhould I live in Pain
Thoſe fleeting Hours which ne'er return again?
O DELIA! what can wretched STREPHON do!
Inhuman to himſelf, and falſe to you!
'Tis true, I've promis'd REASON, to remove
From theſe Retreats, and quit bright DELIA's *Love*:
But is not REASON partially unkind?
Are all her Votaries, like me, confin'd?
Muſt none, that under her Dominion live,
To *Love* and Beauty Veneration give?
Why then did Nature youthful DELIA grace
With a majeſtick Mien, and charming Face?
Why did ſhe give her that ſurprizing Air;
Make her ſo gay, ſo witty, and ſo fair;
Miſtreſs of all that can Affection move;
If REASON will not ſuffer us to *love?*
But, ſince it muſt be ſo, I'll haſte away;
'Tis fatal to return, and Death to ſtay.
From you bleſt Shades (if I may call you ſo
Inculpable) with mighty Pain, I go:
Compell'd from hence, I leave my Quiet here;
I may find Safety, but I buy it dear.

THEN turning round, I ſaw a beauteous Boy,
Such as of old were Meſſengers of Joy:
Who art thou, or from whence? If ſent, ſaid I,
To me, my Haſte requires a quick Reply.

I COME, he cry'd, from yon cœleſtial Grove,
Where ſtands the Temple of the God of LOVE;

With

With whoſe important Favour you are grac'd,
And, juſtly, in his high Protection plac'd:
Be grateful, STREPHON, and obey that God,
Whoſe Scepter ne'er is chang'd into a Rod:
That God, to whom the Haughty, and the Proud,
The Bold, the Braveſt, nay, the Beſt, have bow'd:
That God, whom all the leſſer Gods adore;
Firſt in Exiſtence, and the firſt in Pow'r.
From him I come, on Embaſſy Divine,
To tell thee, DELIA, DELIA may be thine;
To whom all Beauties rightful Tribute pay:
DELIA, the young, the lovely, and the gay.
If you dare puſh your Fortune, if you dare
But be reſolv'd, and preſs the yielding Fair,
Succeſs and Glory, will your Labours crown;
For Fate does rarely on the Valiant frown.
But, were you ſure to be unkindly us'd,
Boldly receiv'd, and ſcornfully refus'd;
He greater Glory, and more Fame, obtains,
Who loſes DELIA, than who PHYLLIS gains.
But, to prevent all Fears that may ariſe,
(Tho' Fears ne'er move the daring and the Wiſe)
In the dark Volumes of eternal Doom,
Where all Things paſt, and preſent, and to come,
Are writ, I ſaw theſe Words——*It is decreed,*
*That* STREPHON's Love to DELIA *ſhall ſucceed,*
What would you more? While Youth and Vigour laſt,
*Love* and be happy; they decline too faſt.
In Youth alone you're capable to prove,
The mighty Tranſports of a gen'rous *Love:*

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For dull Old Age, with fumbling Labour, cloys,
Before the Bliſs, or gives the wither'd Joys.
Youth's the beſt Time for Action Mortals have:
That paſt, they touch the Confines of the Grave.
Now, if you hope to lie in DELIA's Arms,
To die in Raptures or diſſolve in Charms,
Quick to the bliſsful, happy Manſion fly,
Where all is one continued Extaſy.
DELIA impatiently expects you there:
And ſure you will not diſappoint the Fair.
None but the Impotent, or Old, would ſtay,
When LOVE invites, and Beauty calls away.

OH! you convey, ſaid I, dear charming Boy,
Into my Soul a ſtrange, diſorder'd Joy.
I would, but dare not, your Advice purſue;
I've promis'd REASON, and I muſt be true,
REASON's the rightful Empreſs of the Soul;
Does all exorbitant Deſires controul;
Checks ev'ry wild Excurſion of the Mind,
By her wiſe Dictates happily confin'd:
And he that will not her Commands obey,
Leaves a ſafe Convoy in a dang'rous Sea.
True, I love DELIA to a vaſt Exceſs,
But I muſt try to make my Paſſion leſs:
Try, if I can, if poſſible, I will;
For I have vow'd, and muſt that Vow fulfil,
Oh! had I not, with what a vig'rous Flight
Could I purſue the Quarries of Delight!

How

How could I preſs fair DELIA in theſe Arms,
Till I diſſolv'd in *Love*, and ſhe in Charms!
But now no more muſt I her Beauties view;
Yet tremble at her Thoughts to leave her too.
What would I give, I might my Flame allow!
But 'tis forbid by REASON and a Vow;
Two mighty Obſtacles: Tho' Love of old,
Has broke thro' greater, ſtronger Pow'rs controul'd.
Should I offend, by high Example taught,
'Twould not be an inexpiable Fault,
The Crimes of Malice have found Grace above;
And ſure kind Heav'n will ſpare the Crimes of *Love*.
Could'ſt thou, my Angel, but inſtruct me, how
I might be happy, and not break my Vow;
Or, by ſome ſubtil Art, diſſolve the Chain;
You'd ſoon revive my dying Hopes again.
REASON and LOVE, I know could ne'er agree;
Both would command, and both ſuperior be.
REASON's ſupported by the ſin'wy Force
Of ſolid Argument, and wiſe Diſcourſe:
But LOVE pretends to uſe no other Arms,
Than ſoft Impreſſions, and perſuaſive Charms.
One muſt be diſobey'd; and ſhall I prove
A Rebel to my REASON, or to LOVE?
But then, ſuppoſe I ſhould my Flame purſue,
DELIA may be unkind, and faithleſs too;
Reject my Paſſion, with a proud Diſdain,
And ſcorn the *Love* of ſuch an humble Swain:
Then ſhould I labour under mighty Grief,
Beyond all Hopes, or Proſpect of Relief.

So

So that, methinks, 'tis ſafer to obey,
Right REASON, tho' ſhe bears a rugged Sway,
Than LOVE's ſoft Rule; whoſe Subjects undergo
Early or late too ſad a Share of Woe.
Can I ſo ſoon forget that wretched Crew,
REASON juſt now expos'd before my View?
If DELIA ſhould be cruel, I muſt be
A ſad Partaker of their Miſery.
But your Encouragements, ſo ſtrongly move,
I'm almoſt tempted to purſue my *Love:*
For ſure, no treacherous Deſigns ſhould dwell
In one that argues and perſuades ſo well;
For, what could LOVE by my Deſtruction gain?
LOVE's an immortal God, and I a Swain:
And ſure I may without Suſpicion, truſt
A God; for Gods can never be unjuſt.

RIGHT you conclude, reply'd the ſmiling Boy;
LOVE ruins none; 'tis Men themſelves deſtroy:
And thoſe vile Wretches which you lately ſaw,
Tranſgreſs'd his Rules, as well as REASON's Law.
They're not LOVE's Subjects, but the Slaves of *Luſt*;
Nor is their Puniſhment ſo great as juſt.
For LOVE and *Luſt* eſſentially divide,
Like Day and Night, Humility and Pride:
One Darkneſs hides, t'other does always ſhine;
This of infernal Make, and that Divine.
REASON no gen'rous Paſſion does oppoſe;
'Tis *Luſt* (not LOVE) and REASON that are Foes.

She bids you ſcorn a baſe, inglorious Flame,
Black as the gloomy Shade from whence it came:
In this her Precepts ſhould Obedience find:
But yours is not of that ignoble Kind.
You err, in thinking ſhe would diſapprove
The brave Purſuit of honourable Love:
And therefore judge what's harmleſs, an Offence;
Invert her Meaning, and miſtake her Senſe,
She could not ſuch inſipid Counſel give,
As not to love at all; 'tis not to live;
But where bright Virtue and true Beauty lies,
And that in DELIA, charming DELIA's Eyes.
Could you, contented, ſee th' angelic Maid
In old ALEXIS' dull Embraces laid?
Or rough-hewn TITYRUS poſſeſs thoſe Charms,
Which are in Heav'n, the Heav'n of DELIA's Arms?
Conſider, Youth, what Tranſport you forego,
The moſt intire Felicity below;
Which is by Fate alone reſerv'd for you:
Monarchs have been deny'd; for Monarchs ſue,
I own, 'tis difficult to gain the Prize;
Or 'twould be cheap, and low in noble Eyes:
But there is one ſoft Minute, when the Mind
Is left unguarded, waiting to be kind;
Which the wiſe Lover underſtanding right,
Steals in like Day upon the Wings of Light,
You urge your Vow, but can thoſe Vows prevail,
Whoſe firſt Foundation and whoſe Reaſon fail?
You vow'd to leave fair DELIA; but you thought
Your Paſſion was a Crime, your Flame a Fault.

But ſince your Judgment err'd, it has no Force
To bind at all, but is deſſolv'd of Courſe;
And therefore heſitate no longer here,
But baniſh all the dull Remains of Fear.
Dare you be happy, Youth? But dare, and be;
I'll be your Convoy to the charming She,
What! ſtill irreſolute? debating ſtill?
View her, and then forſake her, if you will.

I'LL go, ſaid I; once more I'll venture all;
'Tis brave to periſh by a noble Fall.
Beauty no Mortal can reſiſt; and JOVE
Laid by his Grandeur, to indulge his *Love*.
REASON, if I do err, my Crime forgive:
Angels alone without offending live.
I go aſtray but as the Wiſe have done;
And act a Folly, which they did not ſhun.

THEN we, deſcending to a ſpacious Plain,
Were ſoon ſaluted by a num'rous Train
Of happy Lovers, who conſum'd their Hours,
With conſtant Jollity, in ſhady Bow'rs.
There I beheld the bleſt Variety
Of Joy, from all corroding Troubles free;
Each follow'd his own Fancy to Delight;
Tho' all went diff'rent Ways, yet all went right.
None err'd or miſs'd the Happineſs he ſought;
LOVE to one Centre ev'ry Twining brought.
We paſs'd thro' num'rous pleaſant Fields and Glades,
By murm'ring Fountains, and by peaceful Shades;

Till

Till we approach'd the Confines of the Wood,
Where mighty LOVE's immortal Temple ſtood,
Round the cœleſtial Fane, in goodly Rows,
And beauteous Order, am'rous Myrtle grows;
Beneath whoſe Shade expecting Lovers wait
For the kind Minute of indulgent Fate:
Each had his Guardian CUPID, whoſe chief Care.
By ſecret Motions; was to warm the Fair;
To kindle eager Longings for the Joy;
To move the Slow, and to incline the Coy.

THE glorious Fabrick charm'd my wondring Sight;
Of vaſt Extent, and of prodigious Height:
The Caſe was Marble, but the poliſh'd Stone,
With ſuch an admirable Luſtre ſhone,
As if ſome Architect Divine had ſtrove
T'outdo the Palace of imperial JOVE,
The pond'rous Gates of maſſy Gold were made,
With Di'monds of a mighty Size inlaid.
Here ſtood the winged Guards, in Order plac'd,
With ſhining Darts and golden Quivers grac'd,
As we approach'd they clapp'd their joyful Wings,
And cry'd aloud, Tune, tune your warbling Strings
The grateful Youth is come to ſacrifice
At DELIA's Altar to bright DELIA's Eyes;
With Harmony divine his Soul inſpire,
That he may boldly touch the ſacred Fire.
And ye that wait upon the bluſhing Fair
Cæleſtial Incenſe and Perfumes prepare

While our great God her panting Boſom warms,
Refines her Beauties, and improves her Charms,

ENT'RING the ſpacious Dome, my raviſh'd Eyes
A wond'rous Scene of Glory did ſurpriſe:
The Riches, Symmetry, and Brightneſs, all
Did equally for Admiration call;
But the Deſcription is a Labour fit
For none beneath a Laureat Angel's Wit.

AMIDST the Temple was an Altar made
Of ſolid Gold, where Adoration's paid,
Here I perform'd the uſual Rites with Fear,
Not daring boldly to approach too near;
'Till from the God a ſmiling CUPID came,
And bid me touch the conſecrated Flame:
Which done, my Guide my eager Steps convey'd
To the Apartment of the beauteous Maid,

BEFORE the Entrance was her Altar rais'd
On Pedeſtals of poliſh'd Marble plac'd,
By it her Guardian CUPID always ſtands,
Who Troops of miſſionary *Loves* command;
To him with ſoft Addreſſes all repair:
Each for his Captive humbly begs the Fair:
Tho' ſtill in vain they importun'd; for he
Would give Encouragement to none but me.
There ſtands the Youth, he cry'd, muſt take the Bliſs
The lovely DELIA can be none but his:

*Fate*

*Fate* has ſelected him; and mighty LOVE
Confirms below what that decrees above.
Then preſs no more; there's not another Swain
On Earth, but STREPHON, can bright DELIA gain
Kneel, Youth, and with a grateful Mind renew
Your Vows; ſwear you'll eternally be true.
But, if you dare be falſe, dare purjur'd, prove,
You'll find, in ſure Revenge, affronted LOVE
As hot, as fierce, as terrible, as JOVE.
Hear me, ye Gods, ſaid I now hear me ſwear,
By all that's ſacred, and by all that's fair!
If I prove falſe to DELIA, let me fall
The common Obloquy, condemn'd by all!
Let me the utmoſt of your Vengeance try;
Forc'd to live wretched, and unpity'd die!

THEN he expos'd the lovely ſleeping Maid,
Upon a Couch of new blown Roſes laid.
The bluſhing Colour in her Cheeks expreſt
What tender Thoughts inſpir'd her heaving Breaſt,
Sometimes a Sigh, half ſmother'd, ſtole away;
Then ſhe would STREPHON, charming STREPHON, ſay
Sometimes ſhe, ſmiling, cry'd, You love, 'tis true;
But will you always, and be faithful too?
Ten thouſand Graces play'd about her Face;
Ten thouſand Charms attending ev'ry Grace:
Each admirable Feature did impart
A ſecret Rapture to my throbbing Heart.

The Nymph * impriſon'd in the brazen Tow'r,
When Jove deſcended in a Golden Show'r,
Leſs beautiful appear'd, and yet her Eye
Brought down that God from the neglected Skies,
So moving, ſo tranſporting was the Sight;
So much a Goddeſs Delia ſeem'd, ſo bright;
My raviſh'd Soul, with ſecret Wonder fraught,
Lay all diſſolv'd in Extaſy of Thought.

Long time I gaz'd; but as I trembling drew
Nearer, to make a more obliging View,
It thunder'd loud, and the ungrateful Noiſe
Wak'd me, and put an End to all my Joys,

* Danae.

## *The* Fortunate Complaint,

As Strephon in a wither'd Cypreſs Shade,
For anxious Thought and ſighing Lovers made
Revolving lay upon his wretched State,
And the hard Uſage of too partial Fate;
Thus the ſad Youth complain'd: Once happy Swain,
Now the moſt abject Shepherd of the Plain!
Where's that harmonious Concert of Delights,
Thoſe peaceful Days, and pleaſurable Nights,
That pen'rous Mirth and noble Jollity,
Which gaily made the dancing Minutes flee?

Diſpers'd,

Diſpers'd and baniſh'd from my troubled Breaſt;
Nor leave me one ſhort Interval of Reſt.

WHY do I proſecute a hopeleſs Flame,
And play in Torment ſuch a loſing Game:
All-Things conſpire to make my Ruin ſure:
When Wounds are mortal, they admit no Cure,
But Heav'n ſometimes does a mirac'lous Thing,
When our laſt Hope is juſt upon the Wing;
And in a Moment drives thoſe Clouds away,
Whoſe ſullen Darkneſs hid a glorious Day.

WHY was I born, or why do I ſurvive;
To be made wretched only, kept alive?
Fate is too cruel in the harſh Decree,
That I muſt live, yet live in Miſery.
Are all its pleaſing happy Moments gone?
Muſt STREPHON be unfortunate alone?
On other Swains it laviſhly beſtows;
On them each Nymph neglected Favour throws:
They meet Compliance ſtill in every Face,
And lodge their Paſſions in a kind Embrace;
Obtaining from the ſoft, incurious Maid
True Love for Counterfeit, and Gold for Lead.
Succeſs on MÆVIUS always does attend;
Inconſtant Fortune is his conſtant Friend:
He levels blindly, yet the Mark does hit;
And owes the Victory to Chance, not Wit.
But, let him conquer ere one Blow he ſtruck,
I'd not be MÆVIUS to have MÆVIUS' Luck.

Proud of my Fate, I would not change my Chains
For all the Trophies purring Mævius gains;
But rather ſtill live Delia's Slave than be
Like Mævius ſilly, and like Mævius free.
But he is happy; loves the common Road;
And, Pack-horſe like, jogs on beneath his Load,
If Phyllis peeviſh or unkind does prove,
It ne'er diſturbs his Grave, mechanic Love,
A little joy his languid Flame contents,
And makes him eaſy under all Events.
But when a Paſſion's noble and ſublime,
And higher ſtill would ev'ry Moment climb,
If 'tis accepted with a juſt Return,
The Fire's immortal, will for ever burn;
And with ſuch Raptures fills the Lover's Breaſt,
That Saints in Paradiſe are ſcarce more bleſt.

But I lament my Miſeries in vain;
For Delia hears me, pitileſs, complain.
Suppoſe ſhe pities, and believes me true;
What Satisfaction can from thence accrue,
Unleſs her Pity makes her love me too?
Perhaps ſhe loves ('tis but perhaps; I fear;
For that's a Bleſſing can't be bought too dear),
If ſhe has Scruples that oppoſe her Will,
I muſt alas! be miſerable ſtill.
Tho' if ſhe loves thoſe Scruples ſoon will fly
Before the Reas'ning of the Deity:
For, where Love enters, he will rule alone,
And ſuffer no Copartner in his Throne;

And thoſe falſe Arguments, that would repel
His high Injunctions, teach us to rebel.

WHAT Method can poor STREPHON then propound,
To cure the Bleeding of his fatal Wound,
If ſhe, who guided the vexatious Dart,
Reſolves to cheriſh and increaſe the Smart;
Go, Youth, from theſe unhappy Plains remove,
Leave the Purſuit of unſucceſsful Love:
Go, and to foreign Swains thy Griefs relate;
Tell 'em the Cruelty of frowning Fate;
Tell 'em the noble Charms of DELIA's Mind;
Tell 'em how fair, but tell 'em how unkind.
And when few Years thou haſt in Sorrow ſpent,
(For ſure they cannot be of large Extent)
In Pray'rs for her thou lov'ſt reſign thy Breath,
And bleſs the Minute gives thee Eaſe and Death.

HERE paus'd the Swain—When DELIA, driving by
Her bleating Flock to ſome freſh Paſture nigh,
By *Love* directed, did her Steps convey
Where STREPHON, wrapp'd in ſilent Sorrow, lay.
As ſoon as he perceiv'd the beauteous Maid,
He roſe to meet her, and thus, trembling ſaid:

WHEN humble Suppliants would the Gods appeaſe,
And in ſevere Afflictions beg for Eaſe,
With conſtant Importunity they ſue,
And their Petitions ev'ry Day renew;

Grow ſtill more earneſt, as they are deny'd,
Not one well-weigh'd Expedient leave untry'd,
Till Heav'n thoſe Bleſſings they enjoy'd before,
Not only does return, but gives 'em more.

O, do not blame me, DELIA! if I preſs
So much, and with Impatience, for Redreſs.
My pond'rous Griefs no Eaſe my Soul allow;
For they are next t'intolerable now:
How ſhall I then ſupport 'em, when they grow
To an Exceſs, to a diſtracting Woe?
Since you're endow'd with a coeleſtial Mind,
Relieve like Heav'n, and, like the Gods, be kind.
Did you perceive the Torments I endure,
Which you firſt caus'd, and you alone can cure,
They would your Virgin Soul to Pity move;
And Pity may at laſt be chang'd to Love.
Some Swains, I own, impoſe upon the Fair,
And lead th' incautious Maid into a Snare;
But let them ſuffer for their Perjury,
And do not puniſh other Crimes with me.
If there's ſo many of our Sex untrue,
Yours ſhould more kindly uſe the faithful Few;
Tho' Innocence too oft incurs the Fate
Of Guilt, and clears itſelf ſometimes too late.

YOUR Nature is to Tenderneſs inclin'd;
And why to me, to me alone, unkind?
A common Love by other Perſons ſhewn,
Meets with a full Return; but mine has none:

Nay

Nay, ſcarce believ'd; tho' from Deceit as free
As Angels Flames can for Archangels be.
A Paſſion feign'd; at no Repulſe is griev'd:
And values little if it ben't receiv'd:
But, *Love* ſincere reſents the ſmalleſt Scorn.
And the Unkindneſs does in ſecret mourn.

SOMETIMES I pleaſe myſelf, and think you are
Too good to make me wretched by Deſpair:
That Tenderneſs, which in your Soul is plac'd,
Will move you to Compaſſion ſure at laſt,
But when I come to take a ſecond View
Of my own Merits, I deſpond of you:
For what can DELIA, beauteous DELIA, ſee,
To raiſe in her the leaſt Eſteem for me:
I've nought that can encourage my Addreſs;
My Fortune's little, and my Worth is leſs:
But, if a *Love* of the ſublimeſt Kind
Can make Impreſſion on a gen'rous Mind:
If all has real Value that's Divine;
There cannot be a nobler Fame than mine.

PERHAPS you pity me: I know you muſt;
And my Affection can no more diſtruſt:
But what, alas! will helpleſs Pity do?
You pity, but you may deſpiſe me too.
Still I am wretched, if no more you give,
The ſtarving Orphan can't on Pity live:
He muſt receive the Food for which he cries,
Or he conſumes; and, tho' much pity'd, dies.

My Torments ſtill do with my Paſſion grow;
The more I love, the more I undergo.
But ſuffer me no longer to remain
Beneath the Preſſures of ſo vaſt a Pain.
My Wound requires ſome ſpeedy Remedy:
Delays are fatal, when Deſpair is nigh.
Much I've endur'd, much more than I can tell:
Too much, indeed, for one that loves ſo well.
When will the End of all my Sorrows be?
Can you not love? I'm ſure you pity me.
But if I muſt new Miſeries ſuſtain.
And be condemn'd to more and ſtronger Pain;
I'll not accuſe You, ſince my Fate is ſuch,
I pleaſe too little, and I love too much.

Strephon, no more, the bluſhing Delia ſaid;
Excuſe the Conduct of a tim'rous Maid;
Now I'm convin'd your *Love*'s ſublime and true,
Such as I always wiſh'd to find in you.
Each kind Expreſſion, ev'ry tender Thought.
A mighty Tranſport in my Boſom wrought:
And tho' in ſecret I your Flame approv'd,
I ſigh'd and griev'd, but durſt not own I lov'd.
Tho' now—O Strephon! be ſo kind to gueſs,
What Shame will now allow me to confeſs.

The Youth, encompaſs'd with a Joy ſo bright,
Had hardly Strength to bear the vaſt Delight.

By

By too ſublime an Extaſy poſſeſt,
He trembled, gaz'd, and claſp'd her to his Breaſt:
Ador'd the Nymph that did his Pain remove;
Vow'd endleſs Truth, and everlaſting *Love*.

## STREPHON's *Love for* DELIA *juſtified*.
### *In an* Epiſtle *to* CELADON.

ALL Men have Follies which they blindly trace
Thro' the dark Turnings of a dubious Maze.
But happy thoſe who by a prudent Care,
Retreat betimes from the fallacious Snare.

THE eldeſt Sons of Wiſdom were not free
From the ſame Failure you condemn in me:
They lov'd; and, by that glorious Paſſion led,
Forgot what PLATO and themſelves had ſaid.
*Love* triumph'd o'er thoſe dull, pedantick Rules,
They had collected from the wrangling Schools;
And made 'em to his noble Sway ſubmit.
In ſpite of all their Learning, Art, and Wit:
Their grave, ſtarch'd Morals then unuſeful prov'd;
Theſe duſty Characters he ſoon remov'd:
For, when his ſhining Squadrons came in View,
Their boaſted *Reaſon* murmur'd and withdrew;
Unable to oppoſe their mighty Force,
With flegmatick Reſolves, and dry Diſcourſe.

If, as the wiſeſt of the Wiſe have err'd,
I go aſtray, and am condemn'd unheard;
My Faults you too ſeverely reprehend,
More like a rigid Cenſor than a Friend.
*Love* is the Monarch Paſſion of the Mind;
Knows no Superior, by no Laws confin'd;
But triumphs ſtill, impatient of Controul,
O'er all the proud Endowments of the Soul.

You own'd my Delia, *Friend*, divinely fair,
When in the Bud her native Beauties were:
Your Praiſe did then her early Charms confeſs,
Yet you'd perſuade me to adore her leſs,
You but the Nonage of her Beauty ſaw;
But might from thence ſublime Ideas draw;
And what ſhe is, by what ſhe was, conclude:
For now ſhe governs thoſe ſhe then ſubdu'd.

Her Aſpect noble and mature is grown,
And ev'ry Charm in its full Vigour known.
There we may wond'r'ng view, diſtinctly writ,
The Lines of Goodneſs, and the Marks of Wit:
Each Feature, emulous of pleaſing moſt,
Does, juſtly, ſome peculiar Sweetneſs boaſt;
And her Compoſures of ſo fine a Frame,
Pride cannot hope to mend, nor Envy blame.

When the immortal Beauties of the Skies
Contended naked for the golden Prize,

The

The Apple had not fall'n to VENUS' Share,
Had I been PARIS, and my DELIA there:
In whom alone we all their Graces find;
The moving Gaiety of VENUS, join'd
With JUNO's Aſpect, and MINERVA's Mind.

VIEW but thoſe Nymphs whom other Swains adore,
You'll value charming DELIA ſtill the more.
DORINDA's Mien's majeſtick; but her Mind
Is to Revenge and Peeviſhneſs inclin'd:
MYRTYLIA's fair: and yet MYRTYLIA's proud:
CHLOE has Wit; but noiſy, vain, and loud:
MELANIA doats upon the ſilly'ſt Things;
And yet MELANIA like an Angle ſings.
But, in my DELIA all Endowments meet;
All that is juſt, agreeable, or ſweet;
All that can Praiſe and Admiration move;
All that the Wiſeſt and the Braveſt love.

IN all Diſcourſe ſhe's oppoſite and gay,
And ne'er wants ſomething pertinent to ſay:
For, if the Subject's of a ſerious Kind,
Her Thoughts are manly and her Senſe refin'd:
But if devertive her Expreſſions fit;
Good Language, join'd with inoffenſive Wit:
So cautious always, that ſhe ne'er affords
An idle Thought the Charity of Words.

THE Vices common to her Sex can find
No Room, e'en in the Suburbs of her Mind:

Con-

Concluding wiſely, ſhe's in Danger ſtill,
From the mere Neighb'rhood of induſtrious Ill;
Therefore at Diſtance keep the ſubtil Foe;
Whoſe near Approach would formidable grow;
While the unwary Virgin is undone,
And meets the Mis'ry which ſhe ought to ſhun.

HER Wit is penetrating, clear, and gay;
But let true Judgment and right Reaſon ſway:
Modeſtly bold, and quick to apprehend:
Prompt in Replies, but cautious to offend:
Her Darts are keen, but levell'd with ſuch Care,
They ne'er fall ſhort, and ſeldom fly too far:
For when ſhe rallies, 'tis with ſo much Art,
We bluſh with Pleaſure, and with Rapture ſmart.

O, CELADON! you would my Flame approve,
Did you but hear her talk of *Love*.
That tender Paſſion to her Fancy brings,
The prettieſt Notions, and the ſofteſt Things;
Which are by her ſo movingly expreſt,
They fill with Extaſy my throbbing Breaſt.
'Tis then the Charms of Eloquence impart
Their native Glories unimprov'd by Art:
But what ſhe ſays I meaſure Things above,
And gueſs the Language of Seraphic Love.

To the cool Boſom of a peaceful Shade,
By ſome wild Beech or lofty Poplar made,

When

When Ev'ning comes, we ſecretly repair,
To breathe in private, and unbend our Care:
And while our Flocks in fruitful Paſtures feed,
Some well deſign'd, inſtructive Poem read;
Where uſeful Morals, with ſoft Numbers join'd,
At once delight and cultivate the Mind:
Which are by her to more Perfection brought,
By wiſe Remarks upon the Poet's Thoughts.
So well ſhe knows the Stamp of Eloquence,
The empty Sound of Words from ſolid Senſe;
The florid Fuſtian of a rhyming Spark,
Whoſe random Arrow ne'er comes near the Mark.
Can't on her Judgment be impos'd, and paſs
For ſtandard Gold, when 'tis but gilded Braſs.
Oft in the Walks of an adjacent Grove,
Where firſt we mutually engag'd to love.
She ſmiling aſk'd me, Whether I'd prefer
An humble Cottage on the Plains with her,
Before the pompous Building of the Great;
And find Content in that inferior State?
Said I, The Queſtion you propoſe to me,
Perhaps a Matter of Debate might be,
Were the Degrees of my Affection leſs
Than burning Martyrs to the Gods expreſs.
In you I've all I can deſire below,
That Earth can give me, or the Gods beſtow;
And, bleſt with You, I know not where to find
A ſecond Choice; You take up all my Mind,
I'd not forſake that dear, delightful Plain,
Where charming DELIA, *Love* and DELIA reign.

For

For all the Splendor that a Court can give,
Where gaudy Fools and buſy Stateſmen live.
Tho' youthful PARIS, when his Birth was known,
(Too fatally related to a Throne)
Forſook ŒNONE and his rural Sports,
For dang'rous Greatneſs, and tumult'ous Courts;
Yet Fate ſhould ſtill offer its Pow'r in vain:
For what is Pow'r to ſuch an humble Swain?
I would not leave my DELIA, leave my *Fair*,
Tho' half the Globe ſhould be aſſign'd my Share.

AND would you have me, *Friend*, reflect again?
Become the baſeſt and the worſt of Men?
O, do not urge me, CELADON, forbear?
I cannot leave her: She's too charming fair!
Should I your Counſel in this Caſe purſue,
You might ſuſpect me for a Villain too:
For ſure that perjur'd Wretch can never prove
Juſt to his *Friend*, who's faithleſs to his Love.

## *An* Epiſtle *to* DELIA.

AS thoſe who hope hereafter Heav'n to ſhare,
A rig'rous Exile here can calmly bear,
And, with collected Spirits, undergo
The ſad Variety of Pain below;
Yet, with intenſe Reflections, antedate
The mighty Raptures of a future State;
While the bright Proſpect of approaching Joy
Creates a Bliſs no Trouble can deſtroy:

So

So, tho' Im' toſs'd by giddy Fortune's Hand,
Ev'n to the Confines of my native Land;
Where I can hear the ſtormy Ocean roar,
And break its Waves upon the foaming Shore:
Tho' from my DELIA baniſh'd; all that's dear,
That's good, or beautiful, or charming here;
Yet flatt'ring Hopes encourage me to live,
And tell me Fate will kinder Minutes give;
That the dark Treaſury of Times contains
A glorious Day will finiſh all my Pains:
And while I contemplate on Joys to come,
My Griefs are ſilent, and my Sorrows dumb.
Believe me *Nymph*, believe me charming Fair,
(When Truth's conſpicious, we need not ſwear;
Oaths will ſuppoſe a Diffidence in you,
That I am falſe, my Flame fictitious too)
Were I condemn'd by Fate's imperial Pow'r,
Ne'er to return to your Embraces more,
I'd ſcorn whate'r the buſy World could give;
'Twould be the worſt of Miſeries to live:
For all my Wiſhes and Deſires purſue,
All I admire, or covet here, is You.
Were I poſſeſs'd of your ſurprizing Charms,
And lodg'd again within my DELIA's Arms;
Then would my Joys aſcend to that Degree,
Could Angels envy, they would envy me.

OFT, as I wander in a ſilent Shade,
When bold Vexations would my Soul invade,

I baniſh

I baniſh the rough Thought, and none purſue,
But what inclines my willing Mind to you.
The ſoft Reflections on your ſacred Love,
Like ſov'reign Antidotes, all Cares remove;
Compoſing ev'ry Faculty to Reſt,
They leave a grateful Flavour in my Breaſt.

RETIR'D ſometimes into a lonely Grove,
I think o'er all the Stories of our Love.
What mighty Pleaſure have I oft poſſeſs'd,
When in a maſculine Embrace, I preſt
The lovely DELIA to my heaving Breaſt!
Then I remember, and with vaſt Delight,
The kind Expreſſions of the parting Night:
Methought the Sun too quick return'd again,
And Day ſeem'd ne'er impertinent till then.
Strong and contracted was our eager Bliſs;
An Age of Pleaſure in each gen'rous Kiſs:
Years of Delight in Moments we compriz'd;
And Heav'n itſelf was there epitomiz'd.

BUT, when the Glories of the eaſtern Light
O'erflow'd the twinkling Tapers of the Night,
Farewel, my DELIA, O farewel! ſaid I,
The utmoſt Period of my Time is nigh:
Too cruel Fate forbids my longer Stay,
And wretched STREPHON is compell'd away.
But, tho' I muſt my native Plains forego,
Forſake theſe Fields, forſake my DELIA too,

No

No Change of Fortune ſhall for ever move
The ſettled Baſe of my immortal Love.

AND muſt my STREPHON, muſt my faithful Swain,
Be forc'd, you cry'd, to a remoter Plain!
The Darling of my Soul ſo ſoon remov'd!
The only valu'd and the beſt belov'd!
Tho' other Swains to me themſelves addreſs'd,
STREPHON was ſtill diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt:
Flat and inſipid all their Courtſhip ſeem'd;
Little themſelves, their Paſſions leſs, eſteem'd;
For my Averſion with their Flames increas'd.
And none but STREPHON partial DELIA pleas'd.
Tho' I'm depriv'd of my kind Shepherd's Sight,
Joy of the Day, and Bleſſing of the Night;
Yet will you STREPHON, will you love me ſtill?
However, flatter me and ſay you will.
For, ſhould you entertain a rival Love;
Should you unkind to me, or faithleſs prove;
No Mortal e'er could half ſo wretched be:
For ſure no Mortal ever lov'd like me.

YOUR Beauty, Nymph, ſaid I, my Faith ſecures;
Thoſe you once conquer, muſt be always yours:
For, Hearts ſubdu'd by your victorious Eyes,
No Force can ſtorm, no Stratagem ſurprize;
Nor can I of Captivity complain,
While lovely DELIA holds the glorious Chain.
The *Cyprian* Queen, in young ADONIS's Arms,
Might fear, at leaſt, he would deſpiſe her Charms;

But

But, I can never ſuch a Monſter prove,
To ſlight the Bleſſings of my DELIA's Love.
Would thoſe who at cœleſtial Tables ſit,
Bleſt with immortal Wine, immortal Wit,
Chooſe to deſcend to ſome inferior Board,
Which nought but Stum and Nonſence can afford?
Nor can I e'er to thoſe gay Nymphs addreſs,
Whoſe Pride is greater, and whoſe Charms are leſs:
Their Tinſel Beauty, may perhaps, ſubdue
A gaudy Coxcomb, or a fulſome Beau;
But ſeem at beſt indifferent to me,
Who none but you with Admiration ſee.

Now, would the rolling Orbs obey my Will,
I'd make the Sun a ſecond Time ſtand ſtill,
And to their lower World their Light repay,
When conqu'ring JOSHUA robb'd 'em of a Day:
Tho' our two Souls would diff'rent Paſſions prove;
His was a Thirſt of *Glory*, mine of *Love*.
It will not be; the Sun makes haſte to riſe,
And take Poſſeſſion of the eaſtern Skies;
Yet one more Kiſs, tho' Millions are too few;
And DELIA, ſince we muſt, muſt part, Adieu.

As ADAM, by an injur'd MAKER driv'n
From EDEN's Groves, the Vicinage of Heav'n;
Compell'd to wander, and oblig'd to bear
The harſh Impreſſions of a ruder Air;
With mighty Sorrow, and with weeping Eyes,
Look'd back, and mourn'd the Loſs of Paradiſe:

With

With a Concern like his did I review
My native Plains, my charming DELIA too;
For I left Paradiſe in leaving You.

IF, as I walk, a pleaſant Shade I find,
It brings your fair Idea to my Mind:
Such was the happy Place, I, ſighing, ſay,
Where I and DELIA, lovely DELIA, lay,
When firſt I did my tender Thoughts impart,
And made a grateful Preſent of my Heart.
Or, if my Friend, in his Apartment, ſhews
Some Piece of VANDYKE's, or of ANGELO's,
In which the Artiſt has, with wond'rous Care,
Deſcrib'd the Face of One exceeding fair;
Tho', at firſt Sight, it may my Paſſion raiſe,
And ev'ry Feature I admire and praiſe;
Yet ſtill, methinks, upon a ſecond View,
'Tis not ſo beautiful, ſo fair as you.
If I converſe with thoſe whom moſt admit
To have a ready, gay, vivacious, Wit;
They want ſome amiable, moving Grace,
Some Turn of Fancy that my DELIA has:
For ten good Thoughts amongſt the Crowd they vent,
Methinks ten Thouſand are impertinent.

LET other Shepherds, that are prone to range,
With each Caprice, their giddy Humours change:
They from Variety, leſs Joys receive,
Than you alone are capable to give.
Nor will I envy thoſe ill judging Swains,
(What they enjoy's the Refuſe of the Plains

If

If, for my Share of Happineſs below,
Kind Heav'n upon me DELIA would beſtow;
Whatever Bleſſings it can give beſide,
Let all Mankind among themſelves divide.

## *A* PASTORAL ESSAY *on the* Death *of* Queen MARY, *Anno* 1694.

AS gentle STREPHON to his Fold convey'd,
A wand'ring Lamb, which from the Flocks had ſtray'd
Beneath a mournful Cypreſs Shade he found
COSMELIA weeping on the dewy Ground,
Amaz'd, with eager Haſte, he ran to know
The fatal Cauſe of her intemp'rate Woe;
And, claſping her to his impatient Breaſt,
In theſe ſoft Words his tender Care expreſt.

STREPHON.

WHY mourns my dear COSMELIA? Why appears
My Life, my Soul, diſſolv'd in briny Tears?
Has ſome fierce Tyger thy lov'd Heifer ſlain,
While I was wand'ring on the neighb'ring Plain?
Or has ſome greedy Wolf devour'd thy Sheep?
What ſad Misfortune makes COSMELIA weep?
Speak, that I may prevent thy Grief's Increaſe,
Partake thy Sorrows, or reſtore thy Peace.

COSME-

COSMELIA.

Do you not hear from far that mournful Bell?
'Tis for——I cannot the ſad Tidings tell.
Oh, whither are my fainting Spirits fled:
'Tis for CÆLESTIA—STREPHON, Oh—She's dead!
The brighteſt Nymph the Princeſs of the Plain,
By an untimely Dart, untimely ſlain!

STREPHON.

DEAD! 'Tis impoſſible! She cannot die:
She's too Divine, too much a Deity:
'Tis a falſe Rumour ſome ill Swains have ſpread,
Who wiſh, perhaps the good CÆLESTIA dead.

COSMELIA.

AH! No; the Truth in ev'ry Face appears:
For ev'ry Face you meet's o'erflow'd with Tears.
Trembling, and pale, I ran thro' all the Plain,
From Flock to Flock, and aſk'd of every Swain,
But each, ſcarce lifting his dejected Head,
Cry'd, Oh, COSMELIA! Oh, CÆLESTIA's dead?

STREPHON.

SOMETHING was meant by that ill-broading Croak
Of the prophetic Raven from the Oak,
Which ſtraight by Lightning was in Shivers broke.

But we our Miſchief feel, before we ſee;
Seiz'd and o'erwhelm'd at once with Miſery.

COSMELIA.

SINCE then we have no Trophies to beſtow,
No pompous Things to make a glorious Shew,
(For all the Tribute a poor Swain can bring,
In rural Numbers, is to mourn and ſing)
Let us, beneath the gloomy Shade rehearſe
CÆLESTIA's ſacred Name in no leſs ſacred Verſe.

STREPHON.

CÆLESTIA's dead! Then 'tis in vain to live,
What's all the Comfort that the Plains can give.
Since She, by whoſe bright Influence alone
Our Flocks increas'd, and we rejoic'd is gone;
Since ſhe, who round ſuch Beams of Goodneſs ſpread
As gave new Life to ev'ry Swain is dead?

COSMELIA.

IN vain we wiſh for the delightful Spring;
What Joys can flow'ry *May* or *April* bring,
When ſhe, for whom the ſpacious Plains were ſpread
With early Flow'rs and chearful Greens, is dead?
In vain did courtly DAMON warm the Earth,
To give to Summer Fruits a Winter Birth;

In

In vain we Autumn wait, which crowns the Fields,
Which wealthy Crops, and various Plenty yields;
Since that fair Nymph, for whom the boundleſs Store
Of Nature was preſerv'd, is now no more.

STREPHON.

FAREWELL for ever then to all that's gay:
You will forget to ſing, and I to play.
No more with chearful Songs, in cooling Bowers,
Shall we cõnſume the pleaſurable Hours.
All Joys are baniſh'd, all Delights are fled,
Ne'er to return, now fair CÆLESTIA's dead.

COSMELIA.

IF e'er I ſing, they ſhall be mournful Lays
Of great CÆLESTIA's Name, CÆLESTIA's Praiſe:
How good ſhe was, how generous, how wiſe!
How beautiful her Shape, how bright her Eyes!
How charming all; how much ſhe was ador'd,
Alive; when dead, how much her Loſs deplor'd!
A noble Theme, and able to inſpire
The humbleſt Muſe with the ſublimeſt Fire.
And, ſince we do of ſuch a Princeſs ſing,
Let ours aſcend upon a ſtronger Wing;
And, while we do the lofty Numbers join,
Her Name will make the Harmony Divine.
Raiſe then thy tuneful Voice; and be the Song
Sweet as her Temper, as her Virtue ſtrong.

STREPHON.

When her great Lord to foreign Wars was gone.
And left CÆLESTIA here to rule alone;
With how ſerene a Brow, how void of Fear,
When Storms aroſe, did ſhe the Veſſel ſteer!
And, when the raging of the Waves did ceaſe,
How gentle was her Sway in Times of Peace!
Juſtice and Mercy did her Beams unite,
And round her Temples ſpread a glorious Light:
So quick ſhe eas'd the Wrongs of ev'ry Swain,
She hardly gave them Leiſure to complain,
Impatient to reward, but ſlow to draw
Th'avenging Sword of neceſſary Law:
Like Heav'n, She took no Pleaſure to deſtroy:
With Grief, She puniſh'd, and ſhe ſav'd with Joy.

COSMELIA.

When Godlike BELIGER, from War's Alarms,
Return'd in Triumph to CÆLESTIA's Arms,
She met her Hero with a full Deſire:
But chaſte as Light, and victorous as Fire:
Such mutual Flames, ſo equally Divine,
Did in each Breaſt with ſuch a Luſtre ſhine,
His could not ſeem the greater, her's the leſs;
Both were immenſe, for both were in Exceſs.

STRE-

STREPHON.

OH, Godlike Princeſs! Oh, thrice happy Swain!
Whilſt She preſided o'er the fruitful Plains!
Whilſt ſhe, for ever raviſh'd from our Eyes,
To mingle with the Kindred of the Skies,
Did for your Peace her conſtant Thoughts employ;
The Nymph's good Angel, and the Shepherd's Joy!

COSMELIA.

ALL that was noble beautify'd her Mind;
There Wiſdom ſat, with ſolid Reaſon join'd:
There too did Piety and Greatneſs wait:
Meekneſs on Grandeur, Modeſty on State:
Humble amidſt the Splendors of a Throne;
Plac'd above all, and yet deſpiſing none.
And when a Crown was forc'd on her by Fate,
She with ſome Pains ſubmitted to be Great.

STREPHON.

HER pious Soul with Emulation ſtrove
To gain the mighty PAN's important Love:
To whoſe myſterious Rites ſhe always came,
With ſuch an active, ſo intenſe a Flame,
The Duties of Religion ſeem'd to be
No more her Care than her Felicity.

COSMELIA.

VIRTUE unmix'd, without the leaſt Allay,
Pure as the Light of a cœleſtial Ray,
Commanded all the Motions of the Soul
With ſuch a ſoft, but abſolute Controul
That as ſhe knew what beſt Great PAN would pleaſe,
She ſtill perform'd it with the greateſt Eaſe.
Him for her high Exemplar She deſign'd,
Like Him, benevolent to all Mankind.
Her Foes She pity'd, not deſir'd their Blood:
And, to revenge their Crimes, She did them Good;
Nay, all Affronts, ſo unconcern'd, ſhe bore,
(Maugre that violent Temptation, Pow'r)
As if She thought it vulgar to reſent,
Or wiſh'd Forgiveneſs their worſt Puniſhment.

STREPHON.

NEXT mighty PAN, was her Illuſtrious Lord,
His high Vicegerent, ſacredly ador'd:
Him with ſuch Piety and Zeal She lov'd.
The noble Paſſion ev'ry Hour improv'd:
Till it aſcended to that glorious Height,
'Twas next (if only next to infinite.
This made Her ſo entire a Duty pay.
She grew at laſt impatient to obey;
And met his Wiſhes with as prompt a Zeal
As an Archangel his Creator's Will.

COSME-

COSMELIA.

MATURE for Heav'n, the fatal Mandate came,
With it a Chariot of ethereal Flame;
In which, ELIJAH like, She paſs'd the Spheres;
Brought Joy to Heav'n, but left the World in Tears.

STREPHON.

METHINKS I ſee Her on the Plains of Light,
All glorious, all incomparably bright!
While the immortal Minds around her gaze
On the exceſſive Splendor of her Rays;
And ſcarce believe a human Soul could be
Endow'd with ſuch ſtupendous Majeſty.

COSMELIA.

WHO can lament too much! O, who can mourn,
Enough o'er beautiful CÆLESTIA's Urn!
So great a Loſs as this deſerves Exceſs
Of Sorrows; all's too little that is leſs.
But, to ſupply the univerſal Woe,
Tears from all Eyes, without Ceſſation flow:
All that have Power to weep, or Voice to groan,
With throbbing Breaſts, CÆLESTIA's Fate bemoan;
While Marble Rocks the common Griefs partake,
And echo back thoſe Cries they cannot make.

STREPHON.

WEEP then (once fruitful Vales) and ſpring with Yew!
Ye thirſty, barren Mountains, weep with Dew!
Let ev'ry Flow'r on this extended Plain
Not drop, but ſhrink into its Womb again,
Ne'er to receive anew its yearly Birth!
Let ev'ry Thing that's grateful leave the Earth!
Let mournful Cypreſs, with each noxious Weed,
A baneful Venom, in their Place ſucceed!
Ye purling, quer'lous Brooks, o'ercharg'd with Grief,
Haſte ſwiftly to the Sea for more Relief;
Then tiding back, each to his ſacred Head,
Tell your aſtoniſh'd Springs, CÆLESTIA's dead!

COSMELIA.

WELL have you ſung in an exalted Strain,
The faireſt Nymph e'er grac'd the *Britiſh* Plain.
Who knows but ſome officious Angel may
Your grateful Numbers to her Ears convey?
That ſhe may ſmile upon us from above,
And bleſs our mournful Pains with Peace and Love.

STREPHON.

BUT ſee, our Flocks do to their Fold repair;
For Night with ſable Clouds obſcures the Air:
Cold Damps deſcend from the unwholeſome Sky,
And Safety bids us to our Cottage fly.

Tho'

Tho' with each Morn our Sorrows will return;
Each ev'n, like Nightingales, we'll ſing and mourn,
Till Death conveys us to the peaceful Urn.

## *To his* FRIEND *under* Affliction.

NONE lives in this tumult'ons State of Things,
Where ev'ry Morning ſoon new Trouble brings,
But bold Inquietudes will break his Reſt,
And gloomy Thoughts diſturb his anxious Breaſt.
Angelic Forms, and happy Spirits, are
Above the Malice of perplexing Care:
But that's a Bleſſing too ſublime too high
For thoſe who bend beneath Mortality.
If in the Body there was but one Part
Subject to Pain, and ſenſible of Smart,
And but one Paſſion could torment the Mind;
That Part, that Paſſion, buſy Fate would find:
But ſince Infirmities in both abound
Since Sorrow both ſo many Ways can wound:
'Tis not ſo great a Wonder that we grieve
Sometimes, as 'tis a Miracle we live,

THE happy'ſt Man that ever breath'd on Earth,
With all the Glories of Eſtate and Birth,
Had yet ſome anxious Care, to make him know,
No Grandeur, was above the Reach of Woe.

To be from all Things that diſquiet, free,
Is not conſiſtent with Humanity.
Youth, Wit, and Beauty are ſuch charming Things,
O'er which, if Affluence ſpreads her gaudy Wings,
We think the Perſon who enjoys ſo much,
No Care can move, and no Affliction touch,
Yet could we but ſome ſecret Method find
To view the dark Receſſes of the Mind,
We there might ſee the hidden Seed of Strife,
And Woes in Embryo rip'ning into Life:
How ſome fierce Luſt, or boiſt'rous Paſſion, fills
The lab'ring Spirit with Prolific Ills;
Pride, Envy or Revenge, diſtract the Soul,
And all right Reaſon's godlike Powers controul.
But if ſhe muſt not be allow'd to ſway
Tho' all without appears ſerene and gay,
A cank'rous Venom on the Vitals preys,
And poiſons all the Comforts of his Days.

External Pomp and viſible Succeſs
Sometimes contributes to our Happineſs:
But that which makes it genuine refin'd,
Is a good Conſcience and a Soul reſign'd.
Then to whatever End Affliction's ſent,
To try our Virtues, or for Puniſhment,
We bear it calmly, tho' a pond'rous Woe,
And ſtill adore the Hand that gives the Blow:
For in Misfortunes this Advantage lies:
They make us humble, and they make us wiſe,

And

And he that can acquire ſuch Virtues, gains
An ample Recompence for all his Pains.

Too ſoft Careſſes of a proſp'rous Fate
The pious Fervours of the Soul abate;
Tempt to luxurious Eaſe our careleſs Days
And gloomy Vapour round the Spirits raiſe.
Thus lull'd into a Sleep, we doſing lie,
And find our Ruin in Security;
Unleſs ſome Sorrow comes to our Relief,
And breaks th' Inchantment by a timely Grief.
But as we are allow'd, to chear our Sight,
In blackeſt Days, ſome Glimmerings of Light;
So, in the moſt dejected Hours we may
The ſecret Pleaſure have to weep and pray:
And thoſe Requeſts the ſpeedy'ſt Paſſage find
To Heav'n, which flow from an afflicted Mind:
And while to him we open our Diſtreſs,
Our Pains grow lighter, and our Sorrows leſs.
The fineſt Muſick of the Grove we owe
To mourning PHILOMEL's harmonious Woe;
And while her Grief's in charming Notes expreſt,
A thorny Bramble prick her tender Breaſt;
In warbling Melody ſhe ſpends the Night,
And moves at once Compaſſion and Delight.

No Choice had e'er ſo happy an Event.
But he that made it did that Choice repent.
So weak's our Judgment, and ſo ſhort's our Sight,
We cannot level our own Wiſhes right?

And if ſometimes we make a wiſe Advance,
T'ourſelves we little own, but much to Chance,
So that when Providence, for ſecret Ends,
Corroding Cares, or ſharp Affliction, ſends;
We muſt conclude it beſt it ſhould be ſo,
And not deſponding or impatient grow
For he that will his Confidence remove
From boundleſs Wiſdom and eternal Love.
To place it on himſelf, or human Aid,
Will meet thoſe Woes he labours to evade.
But, in the keeneſt Agonies of Grief,
Content's a Cordial that ſtill gives Relief,
Heav'n is not always angry when he ſtrikes,
But moſt chaſtiſes thoſe whom moſt he likes;
And, if with humble Spirits they complain,
Relieves the Anguiſh, or rewards the Pain.

## *To another* Friend *under* Affliction.

SINCE the firſt Man by Diſobedience, fell
An eaſy Conqueſt to the Pow'rs of Hell,
There's none in ev'ry Stage of Life can be
From the Inſults of bold Affliction free.
If a ſhort Reſpite gives us ſome Relief,
And interrupts the Series of our Grief.
So quick the Pangs of Miſery return,
We joy by Minutes, but by Years we mourn.

Reason refin'd, and to Perfection brought,
By wiſe Philoſophy, and ſerious Thought,
Support the Soul beneath the pond'rous Weight
Of angry Stars, and unpropitious Fate,
Then is the Time ſhe ſhould exert her Pow'r,
And make us practice what ſhe taught before.
For why are ſuch voluminous Authors read,
The learned Labours of the famous Dead,
But to prepare the Mind for its Defence,
By ſage Reſults, and well digeſted Senſe;
That when the Storm of Miſery appears,
With all its real or fantaſtic Fears,
We either may the rolling Danger fly,
Or ſtem the Tide before it ſwells too high.

But tho' the Theory of Wiſdom's known
With Eaſe, what ſhould, and what ſhould not be done;
Yet all the Labour in the Practice lies,
To be, in more than Words and Notion, wiſe,
The ſacred Truth of ſound Philoſophy
We ſtudy early, but we late apply.
When ſtubborn Anguiſh ſeizes on the Soul,
Right Reaſon would its haughty Rage controul;
But if it mayn't be ſuffer'd to endure
The Pain is juſt, when we reject the Cure.
For, many Men, cloſe Obervation find,
Of copious Learning, and exalted Minds,
Who tremble at the Sight of daring Woes,
And ſtoop ignobly to the vileſt Foes;

As if they underſtood not how to be
Or wiſe, or brave, but in Felicity;
And by ſome Action, ſervile or unjuſt,
Lay all their former Glories in the Duſt.
For Wiſdom firſt the wretched Mortal flies,
And leaves him naked to his Enemies:
So that, when moſt his Prudence ſhould be ſhewn
The moſt imprudent, giddy Things are done
For when the Mind's ſurrounded with Diſtreſs,
Fear or Inconſtancy the Judgment preſs,
And render it incapable to make
Wiſe Reſolutions, or good Counſels take.
Yet there's a Steadineſs of Soul and Thought,
By Reaſon bred, and by Religion taught,
Which like a Rock amidſt the ſtormy Waves,
Unmov'd remains, and all Affliction braves,

In ſharp Misfortunes, ſome will ſearch too deep
What Heav'n prohibits, and would ſecret keep:
But thoſe Events 'tis better not to know,
Which, known, ſerve only to increaſe our Woe.
Knowledge forbid ('tis dang'rous to purſue)
With Guilt begins, and ends with Ruin too.
For, had our early'ſt Parents been content
Not to know more than to be innocent,
Their Ignorance of Evil had preſerv'd
Their Joys entire; for then they had not ſwerv'd.
But they imagin'd (their Deſires were ſuch)
They knew too little, till they knew too much.

E'er

E'er ſince my Folly moſt to Wiſdom riſe;
And few are, but by ſad Experience, wiſe,

Consider, *Friend!* who all your Bleſſings gave,
What are recall'd again, and what you have;
And do not murmur when you are bereft
Of Little, if you have Abundance left
Conſider too, how many thouſands are
Under the worſt of Miſeries, Deſpair;
And don't repine at what you now endure;
Cuſtom will give you eaſe, or Time will cure,
Once more conſider, that the preſent Ill,
Tho' it be great, may yet be greater ſtill;
And be not anxious: for, to undergo
One Grief, is nothing to a num'rous Woe.
But ſince it is impoſſible to be
Human, and not expos'd to Miſery,
Bear it, my *Friend*, as bravely as you can:
You are not more, and be not leſs than Man!

Afflictions paſt can no Exiſtence find,
But in the wild Ideas of the Mind:
And why ſhould we for thoſe Misfortunes mourn,
Which have been ſuffer'd, and can ne'er return;
Thoſe that have weather'd a tempeſt'ous Night,
And find a Calm approaching with the Light,
Will not, unleſs their Reaſon they diſown,
Still make thoſe Dangers preſent that are gone.
What is behind the Curtain none can ſee;
It may be Joy: Suppoſe it Miſery;

'Tis

'Tis future ſtill; and that which is not here,
May never come, or we may never bear.
Therefore the preſent Ill alone we ought
To view, in Reaſon, with a troubled Thought:
But, if we may the ſacred Pages truſt,
He's always *happy*, that is always *juſt*.

## *To his* FRIEND *inclined to* Marry.

I WOULD not have you, STREPHON, chooſe a Mate
From too exalted, or too mean a State;
For in both theſe we may expect to find
A creeping Spirit, or a haughty Mind.
Who move within the middle Region, ſhares
The leaſt Diſquiets, and the ſmalleſt Cares.
Let her Extraction with true Luſtre ſhine;
If ſomething brighter, not too bright for thine:
Her Education liberal, not great;
Neither inferior, nor above her State.
Let her have Wit; but let that Wit be free
From Affectation, Pride, and Pedantry:
For the Effect of Woman's Wit is ſuch,
Too little is as dang'rous as too much,
But chiefly let her Humour cloſe with thine;
Unleſs where yours does to a Fault incline;
The leaſt Diſparity in this deſtroys.
Like ſulph'rous Blaſts, the very Buds of Joys.

Her

Her Perſon amiable, ſtraight and free
From natural, or chance, Deformity.
Let not her Years exceed, if equal thine;
For Woman paſt their Vigour, ſoon decline.
Her Fortune competent; and if thy Sight
Can reach ſo far, take Care 'tis gather'd right,
If thine's enough, then her's may be the leſs:
Do not aſpire to Riches in Exceſs.
For that which makes our Lives delightful prove,
Is a genteel *Sufficiency* and *Love*.

## *To a* Painter *drawing* DORINDA'S PICTURE.

PAINTER, the utmoſt of thy Judgment ſhew;
Exceed ev'n TITIAN, and great ANGELO:
With all the Livelineſs of Thought expreſs
The moving Features of DORINDA's Face.
Thou can'ſt not flatter, where ſuch Beauty dwells;
Her Charms thy Colours, and thy Art, excels.
Others leſs fair, may from thy Pencil have
Graces, which ſparing Nature never gave:
But in DORINDA's Aſpect thou wilt ſee
Such as will poſe thy famous Art, and Thee;
So great, ſo many in her Face unite,
So well proportion'd and ſo wond'rous bright,
No human Skill can e're expreſs them all,
But muſt do Wrong to th' fair Original.

An

An Angel's Hand alone the Pencil fits,
To mix the Colours, when an Angel fits.

THY Picture may as like DORINDA be
As Art of Man can paint a Deity;
And juſtly may, perhaps, when ſhe withdraws,
Excite our Wonder, and deſerve Applauſe:
But when compar'd, you'll be oblig'd to own,
No Art can equal what's by Nature done.
Great LELY's noble Hand excell'd by few,
The Picture fairer than the Perſon drew:
He took the beſt that Nature could impart,
And made it better by his pow'rful Art.
But, had he ſeen that bright, ſurprizing Grace.
Which ſpreads itſelf ov'r all DORINDA's Face,
Vain had been all the Eſſays of his Skill;
She muſt have been confeſt the faireſt ſtill.

HEAV'N in a Landſkip may be wondrous fine,
And look as bright as painted Light can ſhine;
But ſtill, the real Glories of the Place
All Art, by infinite Degrees, ſurpaſs.

## *To the* Painter, *after he had finiſhed* DORINDA's *PICTURE.*

PAINTER, thou haſt perform'd what Man can do;
Only DORINDA's Self more Charms can ſhew.

Bold

Bold are thy Strokes, and delicate each Touch;
But ſtill the Beauties of her Face are ſuch
As cannot juſtly be deſcrib'd; tho' all
Confeſs 'tis like the bright Original.
In Her, and in thy Picture, we may view
The utmoſt Nature, or that Art can do;
Each is a Maſter-piece, deſign'd ſo well,
That future Times may ſtrive to parallel;
But neither Art nor Nature's able to excel.

## CRUELTY *and* LUST. *An* Epiſtolary ESSAY*.

WHERE can the wretched'ſt of all Creatures fly,
To tell the Story of her Miſery?
Where, but to faithful CELIA, in whoſe Mind
A manly Brav'ry's with ſoft Pity join'd.
I fear theſe Lines will ſcarce be underſtood,
Blurr'd with inceſſant Tears, and writ in Blood:
But if you can the mournful Pages read:
The ſad Relation ſhews you ſuch a Deed,
As all the Annals of th' infernal Reign
Shall ſtrive to equal, or exceed, in vain,

* This Piece was occaſioned by the Barbarity of KIRKE, a Commander in the *Weſtern Rebellion*, 1685, who debauched a young Lady, with a Promiſe to ſave her Huſband's Life, but hang'd him the next Morning.

NEA-

NERONIOR's Fame, no doubt, has reach'd your Ears
Whoſe Cruelty has caus'd a Sea of Tears;
Fill'd each lamenting Town with Fun'ral Sighs,
Deploring Widows Shreeks, and Orphans Cries.
At ev'ry Health the horrid Monſter quaff'd,
Ten Wretches dy'd; and as they dy'd, he laugh'd:
Till tir'd with acting Devil, he was led,
Drunk with Exceſs of Blood and Wine to Bed.
Oh, curſed Place!——I can no more command
My Pen: Shame and Confuſion ſhake my Hand:
But I muſt on, and let my CELIA know
How barb'rous are my Wrongs, how vaſt my Woe.

AMONGST the Crowds of *Weſtern* Youths who ran
To meet the brave, betray'd unhappy Man, *
My Huſband, fatally uniting, went;
Unus'd to Arms, and thoughtleſs of th' Event.
But when the Battle was by Treachery won,
The Chief, and all, but his falſe Friend, undone;
Tho', in the Tumult of that deſp'rate Night,
He 'ſcap'd the dreadful Slaughter of the Fight:
Yet the ſagacious Blood-hounds, ſkill'd too well
In all the murd'ring Qualities of Hell,
Each ſecret Place ſo regularly beat,
They ſoon diſcover'd his unſafe Retreat.
As hungry Wolves triumphing o'er their Prey,
To ſure Deſtruction hurry them away;

* The Duke of MONMOUTH,

So

So the Purveyors of fierce MOLOC's Son
With CHARION to the common Butch'ry run;
Where proud NERONIOR by his Gibbet ſtood,
To glut himſelf with freſh Supplies of Blood,
Our Friends, by pow'rful Interceſſion, gain'd
A ſhort Reprieve, but for three Days obtain'd,
To try all Ways might to Compaſſion move
The ſavage Gen'ral; but in vain they ſtrove,
When I perceiv'd that all Addreſſes fail'd,
And nothing o'er his ſtubborn Soul prevail'd;
Diſtracted almoſt, to his Tent I flew,
To make the laſt Effort what Tears could do,
Low on my Knees I fell; then thus began:
Great Genius of Succeſs, thou more than Man!
Whoſe Arms to ev'ry Clime have Terror hurl'd,
And carry'd Conqueſt round the trembling World!
Still may the brighteſt Glories Fame can lend,
Your Sword, your Conduct, and your Cauſe attend,
Here now the Arbiter of Fate you ſit,
While ſuppliant Slaves their Rebel Heads ſubmit,
Oh, pity the Unfortunate! and give
But this one Thing: Oh, let but CHARION live!
And take the little all that we poſſeſs.
I'll bear the meager Anguiſh of Diſtreſs;
Content, nay pleas'd, to beg, or earn my Bread
Let CHARION live, no matter how I'm fed.
The Fall of ſuch a Youth, no Luſtre brings
To him whoſe Sword performs ſuch wondrous Things
As ſaving Kingdoms, and ſupporting Kings.

That

That Triumph only with true Grandeur ſhines,
Where godlike Courage, godlike Pity joins.
CÆSAR the eldeſt Favourite of War,
Took not more Pleaſure to ſubmit than ſpare:
And, ſince in Cattle you can greater be,
That over, ben't leſs merciful than he.
Ignoble Spirits by Revenge are known;
And cruel Actions ſpoil the Conq'rers Crown
In future Hiſt'ries fill each mournful Page
With Tales of Blood, and Monuments of Rage:
And while his Annals are with Horror read,
Men curſe him living, and deteſt him dead,
Oh! do not ſully with a ſanguine Dye,
(The fouleſt Stain) ſo fair a Memory!
Then, as you'll live the Glory of our Iſle,
And Fate on all your Expeditions ſmile:
So, whin a noble Courſe you've bravely ran,
Die the beſt Soldier, and the happieſt Man,
None can the Turns of Providenc foreſee
Or what their own Cataſtrophe may be;
Therefore to Perſons lab'ring under Woe,
That Mercy they may want, ſhould always ſhew:
For, in the Chance of War, the ſlighteſt Thing
May loſe the Battle, or the Vict'ry bring.
And how would you that Gen'ral's Honour prize,
Should in cool Blood his Captive Sacrefice?

HE that with rebel Arms to fight is led,
To Juſtice forfeits his opprobrions Head;

But 'tis unhappy CHARION's firſt offence,
Seduc'd by ſome too plauſible Pretence,
To take the inj'ring Side by Error brought;
He had no Malice, tho' he has the Fault,
Let the old Tempters find a ſhameful Grave:
But the Half-innocent, the tempted, ſave,
Vengeance Divine, tho' for the greateſt Crime,
But rarely ſtrikes the firſt or ſecond Time:
And he beſt follows the Almighty's Will,
Who ſpares the Guilty he has Pow'r to kill,
When proud Rebellions would unhinge a State,
And wild Diſorders in a Land create,
'Tis requiſite the firſt Promoters ſhould
Put out the Flames they kindled with their Blood:
But ſure 'tis a Degree of Murder, all
That draw their Swords, ſhould undiſtinguiſh'd fall.
And ſince a Mercy muſt to ſome be ſhewn,
Let CHARION 'mongſt the happy few be One;
For, as none guilty has leſs Gulit than he;
So none for Pardon has a fairer Plea,

WHEN DAVID's General had won the Field,
And ABSOLOM, the lov'd Ungrateful, kill'd
The Trumpets ſounding, made all Slaughter ceaſe
And miſled *Iſraelites* return'd in Peace.
The Action paſt, where ſo much Blood was ſpilt,
We hear of none arraign'd for that Day's Guilt;
But all concludes with the deſir'd Event;
The Monarch pardons, and the *Jews* repent.

As great Example your great Courage warms,
And to illuſtrious Deeds excites your Arms
So, when you Inſtances of Mercy view,
They ſhould inſpire you with Compaſſion too:
For he that emulates the truly Brave,
Would always conquer, and ſhould always ſave,

HERE, interrupting, ſtern NERONIOR cry'd,
(Swell'd with Succeſs, and blubber'd up with Pride)
Madam, his Life depends upon my Will:
For ev'ry Rebel I can ſpare or kill
I'll think of what you've ſaid: This Night return
At Ten; perhaps, you'll have no Cauſe to mourn.
Go, ſee your Huſband, bid him not deſpair:
His Crime is great; but you are wond'rous fair,

WHEN anxious Miſeries the Soul amaze,
And dire Confuſion in the Spirits raiſe:
Upon the leaſt Appearance of Relief,
Our Hopes revive, and mitigate our Grief.
Impatience makes our Wiſhes earneſt grow;
Which thro' falſe Optics, our Deli'rance ſhew,
For, while we fancy Danger does appear
Moſt at a Diſtance, it is oft too near
And many Times ſecure from obvious Foes,
We fall into an Ambuſcade of Woes,

PLEAS'D with the falſe NERONIOR's dark Reply
I thought the End of all my Sorrows nigh;

And

And to the Main-guard haſten'd, where the Prey
Of this blood-thirſty Fiend in Durance lay.
When CHARION ſaw me from his turfy Bed,
With Eagerneſs he rais'd his drooping Head:
Oh! fly, my Dear this guilty Place, he cry'd,
And in ſome diſtant Clime thy Virtue hide!
Here nothing but the fouleſt Dæmons dwell,
The Refuge of the Damn'd, and Mob of Hell.
The Air they breathe is ev'ry Atom curſt:
There's no Degree of Ills; for all are worſt.
In Rapes and Murders they alone delight,
And Villanies of leſs Importance ſlight:
Act 'em indeed, but ſcorn they ſhould be nam'd;
For all their Glory's to be more than damn'd.
NERONIOR's Chief of this infernal Crew;
And ſeems to merit that high Station too:
Nothing but Rage and Luſt inſpire his Breaſt,
By ASMODAI and MOLOC both poſſeſt,
When told you went to intercede for me,
It threw my Soul into an Agony
Not that I would not for my Freedom give
What's requiſite, or do not wiſh to live:
But for my Safety I can ne'er be baſe,
Or buy a few ſhort Years with long Diſgrace:
Nor would I have your yet unſpotted Fame
For me expos'd to an eternal Shame.
With Ignominy to preſerve my Breath,
Is worſe, by infinite Degrees, than Death,
But if I can't my Life with Honour ſave,
With Honour I'll deſcend into the Grave.

For, tho' Revenge and Malice both combine,
(As both to fix my Ruin ſeem to join)
Yet, maugre all their Violence and Skill,
I can die juſt; and I'm reſolv'd I will.

BUT what is Death we ſo unwiſely fear?
An End of all our buſy Tumults here:
The equal Lot of Poverty and State,
Which all partake of by a certain Fate.
Whoe'er the Proſpect of Mankind ſurveys
At divers Ages, and by divers Ways,
Will find them from this noiſy Scene retire;
Some the firſt Minute that they breathe, expire:
Others, perhaps, ſurvive to talk, and go;
But die, before they Good or Evil know.
Here one to Puberty arrives; and then
Returns lamented to the Duſt again:
Another there maintains a longer Strife
With all the pow'rful Enemies of Life;
Till, with Vexation tir'd, and threeſcore Years,
He drops into the Dark, and diſappears.
I'm young indeed, and might expect to ſee
Times future, long and late Poſterity,
'Tis what with Reaſon I could wiſh to do,
If to be old, were to be happy too.
But ſince ſubſtantial Grief ſo ſoon deſtroys
The Guſt of all imaginary Joys,
Who would be too importunate to live,
Or more for Life, than it can merit, give!

BEYOND

BEYOND the Grave ſtupendous Regions lie,
The boundleſs Realms of vaſt Eternity;
Where Minds, remov'd from earthly Bodies, dwell;
But who their Government or Laws can tell?
What's their Employment till the final Doom
And Time's eternal Period ſhall come?
Thus much the Sacred Oracles declare;
That all are bleſs'd or miſerable there;
Tho', if there's ſuch Variety of Fate,
None Good expire too ſoon, nor bad too late,
For my own Part, with Reſignation, ſtill
I can ſubmit to my Creator's Will?
Let him recall the Breath from Him I drew,
When he thinks fit, and when he pleaſes too.
The Way of dying is my leaſt Concern;
That will give no Diſturbance to my Urn.
If to the Seats of Happineſs I go,
There end all poſſible Returns of Woe:
And when to thoſe bleſt Manſions I arrive,
With Pity I'll behold thoſe that ſurvive.
Once more I beg, you'd from theſe Tents retreat,
And leave me to my Innocence and Fate.

CHARION, ſaid I, Oh, do not urge my Flight!
I'll ſee the Event of this important Night:
Some ſtrange Preſſages in my Soul forebode,
The worſt of Mis'ries, or the greateſt Good.
Few Hours will ſhew the utmoſt of my Doom;
A joyful Safety, or a peaceful Tomb.

If you miſcarry, I'm reſolv'd to try
If gracious Heav'n will ſuffer me to die:
For, when you are to endleſs Raptures gone,
If I ſurvive, 'tis but to be undone.
Who will ſupport an injur'd Widow's Right,
From ſly Injuſtice, or oppreſſive Might?
Protect her Perſon, or her Cauſe defend?
She rarely wants a Foe, or finds a Friend:
I've no Diſtruſt of Providence; but ſtill.
'Tis beſt to go beyond the Reach of Ill:
And thoſe can have no Reaſon to repent,
Who, tho' they die betimes, die innocent.
But to a World of everlaſting Bliſs
Why would you go, and leave me here in this?
'Tis a dark Paſſage; but our Foes ſhall view,
I'll die as calm, tho' not ſo brave, as you:
That my Behaviour to the laſt may prove
Your Courage is not greater than my Love.
The Hour approach'd: As to NERONIOR's Tent,
With trembling, but impatient Steps, I went,
A thouſand Horrors, throng'd into my Breaſt,
By ſad Ideas and ſtrong Fears poſſeſt:
Where e'er I paſs'd, the glaring Lights would ſhew
Freſh Objects of Deſpair, and Scenes of Woe.

HERE, in a Crowd of drunken Soldiers ſtood
A wretched, poor, old Man, beſmear'd with Blood;
And at his Feet, juſt through the Body run,
Struggling for Life, was laid his only Son;

By

By whoſe hard Labour he was daily fed,
Dividing ſtill, with pious Care, his Bread:
And while he mourn'd with Floods of aged Tears,
The ſole Support of his decrepid Years,
The barb'rous Mob, whoſe Rage no Limit knows,
With blaſphemous Deriſion, mock'd his Woes.

THERE, under a wide Oak, diſconſolate,
And drown'd with Tears, a mournful Widow ſate.
High in the Boughs the murder'd Father hung;
Beneath, the Children round the Mother clung:
They cry'd for Food, but 'twas without Relief:
For all they had to live upon, was Grief.
A Sorrow ſo intenſe, ſuch deep Deſpair,
No Creature, merely human, long could bear.
Firſt in her Arms her weeping Babes ſhe took,
And, with a Groan, did to her Huſband look:
Then lean'd her Head on theirs, and, ſighing cry'd,
*Pity me, Saviour of the World!* and dy'd.

FROM this ſad Spectacle my Eyes I turn'd,
Where Sons their Fathers, Maids their Lovers, mourn'd
Friends for their Friends, Siſters for Brothers, wept:
Pris'ners of War, in Chains, for Slaughter kept:
Each ev'ry Hour did the black Meſſage dread,
Which ſhould declare the Perſon lov'd was dead.
Then I beheld, with brutal Shouts of Mirth
A comely Youth, and of no common Birth,
To Execution led; who hardly bore
The Wounds in Battle, he receiv'd before:

And

And, as he paſs'd, I heard him bravely cry,
I neither wiſh to live, nor fear to die,

AT the curs'd Tent arriv'd, without Delay,
They did me to the General convey:
Who thus begun———
Madam! by freſh Intelligence, I find,
That CHARTON's Treaſon's of the blackeſt Kind;
And my Commiſſion is expreſs to ſpare
None that ſo deeply in Rebellion are,
New Meaſures therefore 'tis in vain to try
No Pardon can be granted; He muſt die.
Muſt, or I hazard all: Which yet I'd do
To be oblig'd in one Requeſt by you:
And, maugre all the Dangers I foreſee,
Be *mine* this Night, I'll ſet your *Huſband* free.
Soldiers are rough, and cannot hope Succeſs
By ſupple Flatt'ry, and by ſoft Addreſs;
The pert gay Coxcomb, by theſe little Arts,
Gains an Aſcendant o'er the Ladies Hearts,
But I can no ſuch whining Methods uſe:
*Conſent*, he *lives*; he *dies*, if you *refuſe*.

AMAZ'D at this Demand; ſaid I, The Brave,
Upon ignoble Terms, diſdain to ſave:
They let their Captives ſtill with Honour live,
No more require, than what themſelves would give:
For, gen'rous Victors, as they ſcorn to do
Diſhoneſt things, ſcorn to propoſe 'em too.

Mercy

Mercy, the brighteſt Virtue of the Mind,
Should with no devious Appetite be join'd:
For if, when exercis'd, a Crime it coſt,
Th' intrinſic Luſtre of the Deed is loſt
Great Men, their Actions of a Piece ſhould have;
Heroic all, and each intirely brave:
From the nice Rules of Honour none ſhould ſwerve;
Done, becauſe good, without a mean Reſerve.

THE Crimes new charg'd upon the unhappy Youth,
May have Revenge, and Malice, but no Truth.
Suppoſe the Accuſation juſtly brought,
And clearly prov'd to the minuteſt Thought;
Yet Mercy's next, to infinite abate,
Offences next to infinitely great:
And 'tis the Glory of a noble Mind,
In full Forgiveneſs not to be confin'd,
Your Prince's Frowns if you have Cauſe to fear,
This Act will more illuſtrious appear;
Tho' his Excuſe can never be withſtood,
Who diſobeys, but only to be good.
Perhaps the Hazards more than you expreſs;
The Glory would be, were the Danger leſs.
For he that, to his Prejudice, will do
A noble Action, and a gen'rous too,
Deſerves to wear a more reſplendent Crown
Than he that has a thouſand Battles won,
Do not invert Divine Compaſſion ſo
As to be cruel, and no Mercy ſhew!

Of what Renown can ſuch an Action be,
Which *ſaves* my Huſband's Life, but *ruins* me?
Tho', if you finally reſolve to ſtand
Upon ſo vile, inglorious a Demand,
*He muſt ſubmit*; If 'tis my Fate to mourn
His Death I'll bathe with virt'ous Tears his Urn.

WELL Madam, haughtily, NERONIOR cry'd,
Your Courage and your Virtue ſhall be try'd.
But to prevent all Proſpect of a Flight,
Some of my * *Lambs* ſhall be your Guard to Night:
By them, no doubt, you'll tenderly be us'd;
They ſeldom aſk a Favour that's refus'd:
Perhaps you'll find them ſo genteely bred,
They'll leave you but few virt'ous Tears to ſhed.
Surrounded with ſo innocent a Throng,
The Night muſt paſs delightfully along:
And in the Morning, ſince you will not give
What I require to let your Huſband live.
You ſhall behold him ſigh his lateſt Breath,
And gently ſwing into the Arms of Death.
His Fate he merits, as to Rebels due;
And yours will be as much deſerv'd by you.

OH CELIA, think! ſo far as Thought can ſhew,
What Pangs of Grief, what Agonies of Woe;

* KIRKE uſed to call the moſt inhuman of his Soldiers his *Lambs*.

At

At this dire Reſolution, ſeiz'd my Breaſt!
By all Things ſad and terrible poſſeſt.
In vain I wept, and 'twas in vain I pray'd,
For all my Pray'rs were to a Tyger made:
A Tyger! worſe; for, 'tis beyond Diſpute,
No Fiend's ſo cruel as a reas'ning Brute.
Encompaſs'd thus, and hopeleſs of Relief,
With all the Squadrons of Deſpair and Grief?
Ruin——it was not poſſible to ſhun:
What could I do? Oh! what would you have done?

THE Hours that paſs'd, till the black Morn return'd,
With Tears of Blood ſhould be for ever mourn'd.
When, to involve me with conſummate Grief,
Beyond Expreſſion, and above Belief,
Madam, the Monſter cry'd, that you may find
I can be grateful to the Fair that's kind;
Step to the Door, I'll ſhew you ſuch a Sight,
Shall overwhelm your Spirits with Delight.
Does not that Wretch, who would dethrone his King,
Become the Gibbet, and adorn the String?
You need not now an injur'd Huſband dread.
Living he might, he'll not upbraid you dead.
'Twas for your Sake I ſeiz'd upon his Life;
He would perhaps have ſcorn'd ſo chaſte a Wife.
And, Madam, you'll excuſe the Zeal I ſhew,
To keep that Secret none alive ſhould know.
Curs'd of all Creatures! for, compar'd with thee,
The Dev'ls, ſaid I, are dull in Cruelty.

Oh, may that Tongue eternal Vipers breed,
And waſteleſs their eternal Hunger feed;
In Fires too hot for Salamanders dwell,
The burning earneſt of a hotter Hell;
May that vile Lump of execrable Luſt
Corrupt alive, and rot into the Duſt!
May'ſt thou, deſpairing at the Point of Death,
With Oaths and Blaſphemies reſign thy Breath;
And the worſt Torments that the Damn'd ſhould ſhare,
In thine own Perſon all united bear!

Oh Celia! Oh my *Friend!* what Age can ſhew
Sorrows like mine, ſo exquiſite a Woe?
Indeed it does not infinite appear,
Becauſe it can't be everlaſting here:
But it's ſo vaſt, that it can ne'er increaſe:
And ſo confirm'd, it never can be leſs.

## *On the* Marriage *of the* Earl *of* A——
### *with the* Counteſs *of* S---

Triumphant Beauty never looks ſo gay,
As on the Morning of a Nuptial Day,
Love then within a larger Circle moves,
New Graces add, and ev'ry Charm improves:
While Hymen does his ſacred Rites prepare,
The buſy Nymphs attend the trembling Fair;

Whoſe

Whoſe Veins are ſwell'd with an unuſual Heat,
And eager Pulſes with ſtrange Motions beat:
Alternate Paſſions various Thoughts impart,
And painful Joys diſtend her throbbing Heart:
Her Fears are great, and her Deſires are ſtrong:
The Minutes fly too faſt—yet ſtay too long:
Now ſhe is ready—the next Moment not;
All Things are done—then ſomething is forgot:
She fears—yet wiſhes the ſtrange Work were done;
Delays—yet is impatient to be gone.
Diſorders thus from ev'ry Thought ariſe;
What Love perſuades, I know not what denies.

ACHATES' Choice does his firm Judgment prove,
And ſhews at once he can be wiſe and love;
Becauſe it from no ſpurious Paſſion came,
But was the Product of a noble Flame:
Bold without Rudeneſs; without blazing, bright;
Pure as fix'd Stars, and uncorrupt as Light:
By juſt Degrees it to Perfection grew;
An early Ripeneſs, and a laſting too.
So the bright Sun aſcending to his Noon,
Moves not too ſlowly, nor is there too ſoon.

BUT, tho' ACHATES was unkindly driv'n
From his own Land, he's baniſh'd into Heav'n:
For ſure the Raptures of COSMELIA's Love,
Are next, if only next to thoſe above.
Thus Pow'r Divine does with his Foes engage;
Rewards his Virtues, and defeats their Rage:

For,

For, firſt it did to fair COSMELIA give
All that a human Creature could receive;
Whate'er can raiſe our Wonder or Delight,
Tranſport the Soul, or gratify the Sight.
Then in the full Perfection of her Charms,
Lodg'd the bright Virgin in ACHATES' Arms.

WHAT Angels are, is in COSMELIA ſeen;
Their awful Glories, and their godlike Mien?
For, in her Aſpect all the Graces meet;
All that is noble, beautiful, or ſweet:
There ev'ry Charm in lofty Triumph ſits.
Scorns poor Defect, and to no Fault ſubmits:
There Symmetry, Complexion, Air, unite,
Sublimely noble, and amazing bright,
So newly finiſh'd by the Hand Divine,
Before her Fall, did the firſt Woman ſhine.
But EVE in one great Point, ſhe does excel:
COSMELIA never err'd at all; *She* fell.
From her Temptation, in Deſpair withdrew;
Nor more aſſaults, whom it could ne'er ſubdue.

VIRTUE confirm'd, and regularly brought
To full Maturity, by ſerious Thought,
Her Actions with a watchful Eye ſurveys;
Each Paſſion guides, and ev'ry Moment ſways;
Not the leaſt Failure in her Conduct lies;
So gaily Modeſt, and ſo freely Wiſe.

Her Judgment ſure, impartial, and refin'd,
With Wit, that's clear and penetrating, join'd,
O'er all the Efforts of her Mind preſides,
And to the nobleſt End her Labours guides:
She knows the beſt, and does the beſt purſue,
And treads the Maze of Life without a Clue:
That the weak only and the wav'ring lack,
When they're miſtaken, to conduct 'em back:
She does, amidſt ten Thouſand Ways, prefer
The Rights as if not capable to err.

Her Fancy ſtrong, vivacious, and ſublime,
Seldom betrays her Converſe to a Crime;
And tho' it moves with a luxuriant Heat,
'Tis ne'er preceptious, but always great:
For, each Expreſſion, ev'ry teeming Thought,
Is to the Scanning of her Judgment brought;
Which wiſely ſeperates the fineſt Gold,
And caſts the Image in a beauteous Mould.

No trifling Words debaſe her Eloquence,
But all's pathetic, all is ſterling Senſe;
Refin'd from droſſy Chat, and idle Noiſe,
With which the Female Converſation cloys:
So well ſhe knows, what's underſtood by few,
To time her Thoughts, and to expreſs 'em too;
That what ſhe ſpeaks does to his Soul tranſmit
The fair Idea of delightful Wit.

ILLUSTRIOUS born, and as illuſtrious bred,
By great Example to wiſe Actions led:
Much to the Fame her lineal Heroes bore
She owes, but to her own high Genius more;
And, by a nobler Emulation mov'd,
Excell'd their Virtues, and her own improv'd;
Till they arriv'd, to that coeleſtial Height,
Scarce Angels greater be, or Saints ſo bright.

BUT if COSMELIA could yet lovelier be,
Of nobler Birth, or more a Deity,
ACHATES merits her, tho' none but He:
Whoſe generous Soul abhors a baſe Diſguiſe;
Reſolv'd in Action, and in Counſel wiſe;
Too well confirm'd and fortify'd within,
For Threats to force, or Flattery to win.
Unmov'd amidſt the Hurricane he ſtood;
He dare be guiltleſs, and he will be good.

Since the firſt Pair in Paradiſe were join'd,
Two Hearts were ne'er ſo happily combin'd,
ACHATES Life to fair COSMELIA gives?
In fair COSMELIA great ACHATES lives:
Each is to other the divineſt Bliſs;
He is her Heav'n, and She is more than his.
Oh, may the kindeſt Influence above
Protect their Perſons, and indulge their Love!

*An*

## *An* INSCRIPTION *for the* Monument *of* DIANA, Counteſs *of* OXFORD *and* ELGIN.

DIANA. OXONII & ELGINI Comitiſſa;
QUÆ.

*ILLUSTRI orta Sanguine, Sanguinem illuſtravit:*
*Ceciliorum Meritis, clara, ſuis clariſſima;*
*Ut quæ neſcirit minor eſſe maximis.*
*Vitam ineuntem Innocentia;*
*Procedentem ampla Virtutum Cohors:*
*Exeuntem Mors beatiſſima decoravit;*
*(Volente Numine)*
*Ut Nuſpiam deceſſet aut Virtus aut Felicitas,*
*Duobus conjuncta Maritis*
*Utrique chariſſima:*
*Primum*
*(Quem ad Annum habuit)*
*Impenſe deluxit:*
*Secundum*
*(Quem ad Annos viginti quatuor)*
*Tanta Pietate & Amore coluit;*
*Ut qui, vivens,*
*Obſequium, tanquam Patri præſtitit;*
*Moriens,*
*Patrimonium, tanquam Filio, reliquit.*

*Noverca*

*Noverca cum eſſet,*
*Maternam Pietatem facile ſuperavit.*
*Famulitii adeo mitem prudentemque Curam geſſit,*
*Ut non tam Domina Familiæ præeſſe,*
*Quam Anima Corpori ineſſe videretur.*
*Denique,*
*Cum pudico, humili, forti, ſancto Animo,*
*Virginibus, conjugibus, Viduis, omnibus,*
*Exemplum conſecraſſet integerrimum,*
*Terris Anima major, ad ſimiles evolavit ſuperos.*

## *The foregoing* INSCRIPTION *attempted in* ENGLISH.

DIANA, Counteſs *of* OXFORD *and* ELGIN;

WHO from a Race of Noble Heroes came,
And added Luſtre to its ancient Fame:
Round her the Virtues of the CECILS ſhone,
But with inferior Brightneſs to her own:
Which ſhe refin'd to that ſublime Degree,
The greateſt Mortal could not greater be.
Each Stage of Life peculiar Splendor had;
Her tender Years with Innocence were clad:
Maturer grown, whate'er was brave and good
In the Retinue of her Virtues ſtood:

And

And at the final Period of her Breath.
She crown'd her Life with a propitious Death;
That no Occasion might be wanting here
To make her Virtues fam'd, or Joys sincere,
Two Noble Lords her genial Bed possest;
A Wife to both, the dearest and the best.
Oxford submitted in one Year to Fate:
From whom her Passion was exceeding great.
To Elgin full six *Lustra* were assign'd:
And him she lov'd with so intense a Mind,
That, living like a Father, she obey'd;
Dying, as to a Son, left all she had.
When a Step-mother, she soon soar'd above
The common Height ev'n of maternal Love.
She did her num'rous Family command,
With such a tender Care, so wise a Hand,
She seem'd no otherwise a Mistress there,
Than godlike Souls in human Bodies are.
But when to all she had Example shew'd,
How to be great and humble, chaste and good,
Her Soul, for Earth too excellent, too high,
Flew to its Peers, the Princes of the Sky.

## *Upon the* DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

# *A* Pindaric ESSAY.

Εἷς ἐστιν Θεὸς
Ὃς τἄνευθε τέλυχε κἠγχαίαι μελέᾳ. SOPHOC.

## UNITY. ETERNITY.

I.

WHence ſprung this glorious Frame; or when begun
Things to exiſt? They could not always be:
To what ſtupendous Energy
Shall we aſcribe the Origin of Man?
That *Cauſe*, from whence all Beings elſe aroſe,
Muſt Self-exiſtent be alone;
Intirely perfect, and but One;
Nor Equal nor Superior knows:
Two Firſts, in Reaſon, we can ne'er ſuppoſe.
If that, in falſe Opinion, we allow,
That *once* there abſolutely Nothing WAS,
Then Nothing could BE *now*.
For, by what Inſtrument, or how,
Shall Non-Exiſtence to Exiſtence paſs?
Thus, Something muſt from Everlaſting be;
Or Matter, or a Deity

If

If Matter only uncreate we grant,
We ſhall Volition, Wit, and Reaſon, want;
An Agent infinite, and Action free;
Whence does Volition, whence does Reaſon, flow?
How came we to reflect, deſign, and know?
This from a nobler Nature ſprings,
Diſtinct in Eſſence from material Things:
For, thoughtleſs Matter cannot Thought beſtow,
But if we own a God ſupreme,
And all Perfection's poſſible in Him;
In Him does boundleſs Excellence reſide,
Pow'r to create, and Providence to guide;
Unmade Himſelf, could no Beginning have,
But to all Subſtance prime Exiſtence gave:
Can what He will deſtroy, and what He pleaſes ſave.

## POWER.

II.

THE undeſigning Hand of giddy Chance
Could never fill the Globes of Light,
So beautiful, and ſo amazing bright,
The lofty Concave of the vaſt Expanſe:
Theſe could proceed from no leſs Pow'r than infinite.
There's not one Atom of this wondrous Frame,
Nor Eſſence intellectual, but took
Exiſtence when the Great *Creator* ſpoke,
And from the common Womb of empty Nothing came
Let Subſtance be, he cry'd; and ſtraight aroſe
Angelic, and corporeal too;
All that material Nature ſhews,

And

And what does Things inviſible compoſe,
At the ſame Inſtant ſprung, and into Being flew
Mount to the Convex of the higheſt Sphere,
Which draws a mighty Circle round
Th' interior Orbs, as their capacious Bound;
There Millions of new Miracles appear:
There dwell the eldeſt Son's of Pow'r immenſe,
Who firſt were to Perfection wrought
Firſt to complete Exiſtence brought,
To whom their *Maker* did diſpenſe
The largeſt Portions of created Excellence,
Eternal now, not of Neceſſity,
As if they could not ceaſe to be,
Or were from poſſible Deſtruction free;
But on the Will of God depend
For that which could begin, can end.
Who, when the lower Worlds were made,
Without the leaſt Miſcarriage or Defect,
By the Almighty Architect,
United Adoration paid,
And with extatic Gratitude his Laws obey'd.

III.

Philosophy of old in vain eſſay'd
To tell us how this mighty Frame
Into ſuch beauteous Order came:
But, by falſe Reas'nings, falſe Foundations laid:
She labour'd hard; but ſtill the more ſhe wrought,
The more was wilder'd in the Maze of Thought.

Some

Sometimes ſhe fancy'd Things to be
Coeval with the Deity,
And in the Form which now they are
From everlaſting Ages were.
Sometimes the caſual Event,
Of Atoms floating in a Space immenſe,
Void of all Wiſdom, Rule, and Senſe;
But, by a lucky Accident
Jumbled into this Scheme of wondrous Excellence.
'Twas an eſtabliſh'd Article of old,
Chief of the philoſophic Creed,
And does in natural Productions hold;
That from mere Nothing, nothing could proceed:
Material Subſtance never could have roſe,
If ſome Exiſtence had not been before,
In Wiſdom infinite, immenſe in Pow'r
Whate'er is made, a Maker muſt ſuppoſe,
As an Effect a Cauſe that could produce it ſhews.
Nature and Art, indeed, have Bounds aſſign'd,
And only Forms to Things, not Beings, give;
That from *Omnipotence* they muſt receive:
But the Eternal, Self-exiſtent *Mind*,
Can, with a ſingle *Fiat*, cauſe to be
All that the wondrous Eye ſurveys,
And all it cannot ſee.
Nature may ſhape a beauteous Tree,
And Art a noble Palace raiſe,
But muſt not to creative Pow'r aſpire;
But their GOD alone can claim,
As pre-exiſting Subſtance doth require:
So, where they nothing find, can nothing frame.

## WISDOM.

IV.

MATTER produc'd, had ſtill a *Chaos* been:
For jarring Elements engag'd,
Eternal Battles would have wag'd,
And fill'd with endleſs Horror the tumult'ous Scene;
If *Wiſdom* Infinite, for leſs
Could not the vaſt, prodigious Embryo weild,
Or Strength complete to lab'ring Nature yield,
Had not, with actual Addreſs,
Compos'd the bell'wing Hurry, and eſtabliſh'd Peace.
What'er this viſible Creation ſhews
That's lovely uniform, and bright,
That gilds the Morning, or adorns the Night,
To her its Eminence and Beauty owes.
By her all Creatures have their Ends aſſign'd,
Proportion'd to their Nature and their Kind;
To which they ſteadily advance,
Mov'd by right Reaſon's high Command,
Or guided by the ſecret Hand
Of real Inſtinct, or imaginary Chance.
Nothing but Men reject the ſacred Rules;
Who from the End of their Creation fly,
And deviate into Miſery:
As if the Liberty to act like Fools,
Were the chief Cauſe that Heaven made 'em free.

PROVI-

## PROVIDENCE.

### V.

BOLD is the Wretch, and blaſphemous the Man,
Who, finite, will attempt to ſcan
The Works of Him that's infinitely wiſe,
And thoſe he cannot comprehend, denies;
As if a Space immenſe were meaſurable by a Span.
Thus the proud Sceptic will not own
That *Providence* the World directs,
Or its Affairs inſpects;
But leaves it to itſelf alone.
How does it with Almighty Grandeur ſuit,
To be concern'd with our Impertinence;
Or interpoſe his Pow'r for the Defence
Of a poor Mortal, or a ſenſeleſs Brute?
Villains could never ſo ſucceſsful prove,
And unmoleſted in thoſe Pleaſures live,
Which Honour, Eaſe, and Affluence give;
While ſuch as Heav'n adore, and Virtue love,
And moſt the Care of *Providence* deſerve,
Oppreſs'd with Pain and Ignominy ſtarve.
What Reaſon can the Wiſeſt ſhew,
Why Murder does unpuniſh'd go,
If the moſt *High*, that's Juſt and Good,
Intends and governs all below,
And yet regards not the loud Cries of guiltleſs Blood?
But ſhall we Things unſearchable deny,
Becauſe our Reaſon cannot tell us why
They are allow'd, or acted by the *Deity*?

'Tis

'Tis equally above the Reach of Thought,
To comprehend how Matter ſhould be brought
From Nothing, as exiſtent be
From all Eternity;
And yet that Matter is, we feel and ſee:
Nor is it eaſier to define,
What Ligatures the Soul and Body join;
Or, how the Mem'ry does th' Impreſſion take
Of Things, and to the Mind reſtores 'em back.

VI.

Did not th' *Almighty*, with immediate Care,
Direct and govern this capacious All,
How ſoon would Things into Confuſion fall!
Earthquakes the trembling Ground would tear,
And blazing Comets rule the troubled Air;
Wide Inundations, with reſiſtleſs Force,
The lower Provinces o'erflow,
In Spite of all that human Strength could do
To ſtop the raging Sea's impetuos Courſe:
Murder and Rapine ev'ry Place would fill,
And ſinking Virtue ſtoop to proſp'rous Ill;
Devouring Peſtilence rave,
And all that Part of Nature which has Breath
Deliver to the Tyranny of Death,
And hurry to the Dungeons of the Grave,
If watchful Providence were not concern'd to ſave,
Let the brave Soldier ſpeak, who oft has been
In dreadful Sieges, and fierce Battles ſeen,

How

How he's preſerv'd, when Bombs and Bullets fly
So thick, that ſcarce one Inch of Air is free;
And tho' he does ten thouſand ſee
Fall at his Feet and in a Moment die,
Unhurt retreats, or gains unhurt the Victory.
Let the poor ſhipwreck'd Sailor ſhew,
To what inviſible protecting Pow'r
He did his Life and Safty own,
When the loud Storm his well built Veſſel tore,
And half ſhatter'd Plank convey'd him to the Shore.
Nay, let th' ungrateful Sceptic tell us, how
His tender Infancy Protection, found,
And helpleſs Childhood was with Safety crown'd,
If he'll no *Providence* allow;
When he had nothing but his Nurſe's Arms
To guard him from innumerable, fatal Harms:
From Childhood how to Youth he ran
Securely, and from thence to Man
How, in the Strength and Vigour of his Years,
The feeble Bark of Life he ſaves,
Amidſt the Fury of tempeſt'ous Waves,
From all the Dangers he foreſees, or fears;
Yet ev'ry Hour 'twixt *Scylla* and *Charybdis* ſteers;
If *Providence*, which can the Seas command,
Held not the Rudder with a ſteady Hand.

## OMNIPRESENCE.

### VII.

'Tis happy for the Sons of Men, that He,
Who' all Exiſtence out of Nothing made,

Supports his Creatures by immediate Aid;
But then this all-intending *Deity*
Muſt *Omnipreſent* be:
For how ſhall we, by Demonſtration ſhew,
The *Godhead* is this Moment here,
If He's not preſent ev'ry where;
And always ſo?
What's not perceptible by Senſe, may be
Ten thouſand Miles remote from me,
Unleſs his Nature is from Limitation free.
In vain we for Protection pray;
For Benefits receiv'd high Altars raiſe,
And offer up our Hymns and Praiſe;
In vain his Anger dread, or Laws obey.
An abſent *God* from Ruin can defend
No more than can an abſent Friend;
No more is capable to know
How gratefully we make Returns,
When the loud Muſic ſounds, or Victim burns,
Than a poor *Indian* Slave of *Mexico*.
If ſo, 'tis equally in vain
The Proſp'rous ſings, and Wretched mourns;
He cannot hear the Praiſe, or mitigate the Pain.
But by what Being is confin'd
The *Godhead* we adore?
He muſt have equal, or ſuperior Pow'r.
If equal only, they each other bind;
So neithers GOD, if we define him right;
For neither's Infinite.
But if the other have ſuperior Might,

Then

Then He, we worſhip, can't pretend to be
Omnipotent, and free
From all Reſtraint; and ſo no *Deity*
If GOD is limited in Space; his View,
His Knowledge, Pow'r, and Wiſdom, is ſo too:
Unleſs we'll own, that theſe Perfections are
At all Times preſent ev'ry where;
Yet He Himſelf not actually there.
Which to ſuppoſe, that ſtrange Concluſion brings;
His Eſſence and his Attributes are diff'rent Things.

## IMMUTABILITY.

VIII.

As the Supreme, Omniſcient *Mind*,
Is by no Boundaries confin'd;
So Reaſon muſt acknowledge him to be
From poſſible *Mutation* free;
For what He *is* He *was* from all Eternity.
*Change* whether the Effect of Force, or Will,
Muſt argue Imperfection ſtill.
But Imperfection in a *Deity*,
That's abſolutely perfect, cannot be:
Who can compel, without his own Conſent,
A GOD to change, that is Omnipotent?
And ev'ry Alteration without Force,
Is for the better, or the worſe.
He that is infinitely Wiſe,
To alter for the worſe will never chooſe;
That a Depravity of Nature ſhews:

And He, in whom all true Perfection lies,
Cannot by *Change* to greater Excellencies riſe.
If God be *mutable*, which way, or how,
Shall we demonſtrate, that will pleaſe him now
Which did a thouſand Years ago?
And 'tis impoſſible to know,
What He forbids or what He will allow
Murder, Inchantment, Luſt, and Perjury,
Did in the foremoſt Rank of Vices ſtand,
Prohibited by an Expreſs Command:
But whether ſuch they ſtill remain to be,
No Argument will poſitively prove,
Without immediate Notice from above;
If the Almighty *Legiſlator* can
Be chang'd, like his inconſtant Subject, Man,
Uncertain thus, what to perform, or ſhun,
We all intolerable Hazards run,
When an eternal Stake is to be loſt or won.

## JUSTICE.

### IX.

REJOICE, ye Sons of Piety, and ſing
Loud *Hallelujah*'s to his glorious Name,
Who was, and will for ever be the ſame:
Your grateful Incenſe to his Temples bring,
That from the ſmoaking Altars may ariſe
Clouds of Perfumes to the imperial Skies.

His Promiſes ſtand firm to you
And endleſs Joys will be beſtow'd,
As ſure as that there is a GOD.
On all who Virtue chooſe, and righteous Paths purſue.
Nor ſhould we more his Menaces diſtruſt;
For while he is a *Deity*, he muſt
(As infinitely *good*) be infinitely *juſt*.
But does it with a gracious *Godhead* ſuit,
Whoſe, *Mercy* is his darling Attribute,
To puniſh Crimes that temporary be,
And thoſe but trivial Offences too,
Mere Slips of human Nature, ſmall and few
With everlaſting Miſery;
This ſhocks the Mind, with deep Reflections fraught
And Reaſon bends beneath the pond'rous Thought.
Crimes take their Eſtimate from Guilt; and grow
More heinous ſtill, the more they do incenſe
That GOD to whom all Creatures owe
Profoundeſt Reverence,
Tho' as to that Degree, they raiſe
The Anger of the Merciful moſt *High*
We have no Standard to diſcern it by,
But the Infliction he on the Offender lays.
So that, if endleſs Puniſhment on all
Our unrepented Sins muſt fall,
None, not the leaſt, can be accounted ſmall
That GOD is in Perfection juſt, muſt be
Allow'd by all that own a *Deity*:
If ſo, from Equity he cannot ſwerve,
Nor puniſh Sinners more than they deſerve.

His Will reveal'd is both expreſs and clear;
"Ye Curſed of my Father go
To everlaſting Woe;
If Everlaſting means Eternal here,
Duration abſolutely without End;
Againſt which Senſe ſome zealouſly contend,
That when apply'd to Pains, it only means,
They ſhall ten thouſand Ages laſt:
Ten thouſand more, perhaps when they are paſt;
But not Eternal in a lit'ral Senſe:
Yet own, the Pleaſures of the Juſt remain
So long as there's a GOD exiſts to reign.
Tho' none can give a ſolid Reaſon, why
The Word *Eternity*,
To Heav'n and Hell indifferent join'd,
Should carry Senſe of a diff'rent Kind;
And 'tis a ſad Experiment to try.

## GOODNESS.

### X.

BUT if there be one Attribute Divine
With greater Luſtre than the reſt can ſhine,
'Tis *Goodneſs* which we ev'ry Moment ſee
The *Godhead* exerciſe with ſuch Delight,
It ſeems, it only ſeems, to be
The beſt belov'd Perfection of the *Deity*,
And more than Infinite.
Without That, He could never prove
The proper Objects of our Praiſe or Love,

Were

Were He not good, He'd be no more concern'd
To hear the wretched in Affliction cry,
Or ſee the Guiltleſs for the Guilty dye,
Than NERO, when the flaming City burn'd,
And weeping *Romans* o'er its Ruins mourn'd,
Eternal Juſtice then would be
But everlaſting Cruelty;
Pow'r unreſtrain'd, Almighty Violence;
And Wiſdom unconfin'd, but Craft immenſe.
'Tis *Goodneſs* conſtitutes Him that He is;
And thoſe
Who will deny Him this,
A GOD without a *Deity* ſuppoſe.
When the lewd Atheiſt blaſphemouſly ſwears,
By his tremendous Name,
There is no GOD, but all's a Sham!
Inſipid Tattle, Praiſe and Pray'rs?
Virtue Pretence; and all the ſacred Rules
Religion teaches, Tricks to cully Fools:
Juſtice would ſtrike th' audacious Villain dead,
But Mercy, boundleſs, ſaves his guilty Head:
Gives him Protection, and allows him Bread.
Does not the Sinner, whom no Danger awes,
Without Reſtraint, his Infamy purſue.
Rejoice, and glory in it too;
Laugh at the Pow'r Divine, and ridicule his Laws;
Labour in Vice his Rivals to excel,
That, when he's dead, they may their Pupils tell,
How wittily the Fool was damn'd, how hard he fell?

Yet this vile Wretch in Safety lives,
Bleſſings in common with the Beſt receives;
Tho' he is proud t' affront the God thoſe Bleſſings gives.
The chearful Sun his Influence ſheds on all;
Has no Reſpect to Good or Ill:
And fruitful Show'rs without Diſtinction fall,
Which Fields with Corn, with Graſs the Paſtures, fill
The bounteous Hand of Heav'n beſtows
Succeſs and Honour many Times on thoſe
Who ſcorn his Fav'rites, and careſs his Foes.

XI.

To this Good God, whom my adventurous Pen
Has dar'd to celebrate
In lofty PINDAR's Strain;
Tho' with unequal Strength to bear the Weight
Of ſuch a pond'rous Theme ſo infinitely great:
To this Good God, cæleſtial Spirits pay,
With Extaſy Divine, inceſſant praiſe;
While on the Glories of thy Face they gaze,
In the bright Regions of eternal Day,
To him each rational Exiſtence here,
Whoſe Breaſt one Spark of Gratitude contains,
In whom there are the leaſt Remains
Of Piety or Fear,
His Tribute brings of joyful Sacrifice,
For Pardon prays, and for Protection flies:
Nay, the inanimate Creation give,
By prompt Obedience to his Word,
Inſtinctive Honour to their LORD;
And ſhame the thinking World, who in Rebellion live

With

With Heav'n and Earth then, O my Soul, unite,
And the Great God of both adore and bless,
Who gives the Competence, Content, and Peace;
The only Fountains of sincere Delight:
That from the transitory Joys below,
Thou, by a happy Exit may'st remove
To those ineffable above;
Which from the Vision of the *Godhead* flow,
And neither End, Decrease, nor Interruption know.

## Eleazar's *Lamentation over* Jerusalem: *Paraphrased out of* Josephus.

### Stanza I.

ALAS *Jerusalem!* alas! where's now
Thy pristine Glory, thy unmatch'd Renown,
To which the Heathen Monarchies did bow?
Ah, hapless, miserable Town!
Where's all thy Majesty, thy Beauty gone,
Thou once most noble, celebrated Place,
The Joy and the Delight of all the Earth;
Who gav'st to Godlike Princes Birth,
And bred up Heroes, an immortal Race?
Where's now the vast Magnificence, which made
The Souls of Foreigners adore
Thy wond'rous Brightness, which no more
Shall shine, but lie in an eternal Shade?

Oh Misery! where's all her mighty State,
Her splendid Train of num'rous Kings,
Her noble Edifices, noble Things;
Which made her seem so eminently great,
That barb'rous Princes in her Gates appear'd,
And wealthy Presents, as their Tribute, brought,
To court her Friendship? For her Strength they fear'd:
And all her wide Protection sought.
But now, ah! now they laugh and cry,
See how her lofty Buildings lie!
See how her flaming Turrets gild the Sky!

II.

Where's all the Young, the Valiant, and the Gay,
That on her Festivals were us'd to play
Harmonious Tunes, and beautify the Day?
The glitt'ring Troops which did from far
Bring home the Trophies, and the Spoils of War,
Whom all the Nations round with Terror view'd,
Nor durst their godlike Valour try?
Where'er they fought, they certainly subdu'd,
And ev'ry Combate gain'd a Victory.
Ah! where's the House of the Eternal King.
The beauteous Temple of the Lord of Hosts,
To whose large Treasuries our Fleet did bring
The Gold and Jewels of remotest Coasts?
There had the infinite Creator plac'd
His terrible amazing Name:
And with his more peculiar Presence grac'd
That heav'nly *Sanctum*; where no Mortal came,

The

The *High Prieſt* only; he but once a Year,
In that Divine Apartment might appear:
So full of Glory, and ſo ſacred then;
But now corrupted with the Heaps of Slain,
Which, ſcatter'd round with Blood, defile the mighty Fane.

III.

Alas, *Jeruſalem!* each ſpacious Street
Was once ſo fill'd the num'rous Throng
Was forc'd to joſtle as they paſs'd along,
And thouſands did with thouſands meet;
The Darling then of God, and Man's belov'd Retreat:
In thee was the bright Throne of Juſtice fix'd,
Juſtice impartial, and vain Fraud unmix'd.
She ſcorn'd the Beauties of fallacious Gold,
De'piſing the moſt wealthy Bribes,
But did the ſacred Balance hold
With godlike Faith to all our happy Tribes.
Thy well-built Streets, and ev'ry noble Square,
Were once with poliſh'd Marble laid,
And all his lofty Bulwarks made
With wond'rous Labour, and with artful Care.
Thy pond'rous Gates, ſurprizing to behold,
Were cover'd o'er with ſolid Gold;
Whoſe Splendor did ſo glorious appear,
It raviſh'd and amaz'd the Eye;
And Strangers paſſing, to themſelves would cry,
What mighty Heaps of Wealth are here!

How thick the Bars of maſſy Silver lie!
O happy People! and ſtill happy be,
Cœleſtial City! from Deſtruction free,
May'ſt thou enjoy a long, entire Proſperity!

IV.

But now, Oh wretched, wretched Place:
Thy Streets and Palaces are ſpread
With Heaps of Carcaſſes, and Mountains of the Dead,
The bleeding Relicks of the *Jewiſh* Race:
Each Corner of the Town, no vacant Space,
But is with breathleſs Bodies fill'd,
Some by the Sword, and ſome by Famine, kill'd,
Natives and Strangers are together laid.
Death's Arrows all at Random flew
Amongſt the Crowd, and no Diſtinction made,
But both the Coward and the Valiant ſlew.
All in one diſmal Ruin join'd,
(For Swords and Peſtilence are blind)
The Fair, the Good, the Brave, no Mercy find:
Thoſe that from far, with joyful Haſte,
Came to attend thy Feſtival,
Of the ſame bitter Poiſon taſte,
And by the black, deſtructive Poiſon fall;
For the avenging Sentence paſs on all.
Oh! ſee how the Delight of human Eyes
In horrid Deſolation lies!

See how the burning Ruins flame,
Nothing now left, but a ſad, empty Name!
And the triumphant Victor cries,
This was the fam'd *Jeruſalem!*

V.

The moſt obdurate Creature muſt
Be griev'd to ſee thy Palaces in Duſt,
Thoſe ancient Habitations of the Juſt:
And could the Marble Rocks but know
The Mis'ries of thy fatal Overthrow,
They'd ſtrive to find ſome ſecret Way unknown,
Maugre the ſenſeleſs Nature of the Stone,
Their Pity and Concern to ſhew:
For now, where lofty Buildings ſtood,
Thy Sons corrupted Carcaſſes are laid:
And all by this Deſtruction made
One common *Golgotha*, one Field of Blood.
See! how thoſe ancient Men who rul'd thy State,
And made thee happy, made thee great;
Who ſat upon the awful Chair
Of mighty Moses, in long Scarlet clad,
The Good to cheriſh, and chaſtiſe the Bad;
Now ſit in the corrupted Air,
In ſilent Melancholy, and in ſad Deſpair!
See how their murder'd Children round 'em lie!
Ah, diſmal Scene! hark how they cry!
Woe! Woe! one Beam of Mercy give,
Good Heav'n! Alas, for we ſhould live!
Be pitiful, and ſuffer us to die!

Thus

Thus they lament, thus beg for Eaſe;
While in their feeble, aged Arms they hold
The Bodies of their Offspring, ſtiff and cold,
To guard 'em from the ravenous Savages:
Till their increaſing Sorrows Death perſuade
(For Death muſt ſure with Pity ſee
The horrid Deſolation he has made)
To put a Period to all their Miſery.
Thy wretched Daughters that ſurvive
Are by the Heathen kept alive
Only to gratify their Luſt,
And then be mix'd with common Duſt.
Oh! inſupportable, ſtupendous Woe!
What ſhall we do! Ah! whither ſhall we go?
Down to the Grave, down to thoſe happy Shades below
Where all our brave Progenitors are bleſt
With endleſs Triumph, and eternal Reſt.

VI.

But who, without a Flood of Tears, can ſee,
Thy mournful, ſad Cataſtrophe?
Who can behold thy glorious Temple lie
In Aſhes, and not be in Pain to die?
Unhappy, dear *Jeruſalem!* thy Woes
Have rais'd my Griefs to ſuch a vaſt Exceſs,
Their mighty Weight no Mortal knows,
Thought cannot comprehend, or Words expreſs:
Nor can they poſſibly, while I ſurvive, be leſs.

Good

Good Heav'n had been extremely kind,
If it had ſtruck me dead, or ſtruck me blind,
Before this curſed Time, this worſt of Days.
Is Death quite tir'd; are all his Arrows ſpent?
If not, why then ſo many dull Delays?
Quick, quick, let the obliging Dart be ſent!
Nay, at me only let ten thouſand fly,
Whoe'er ſhall wretchedly ſurvive; that I
May, happily, be ſure to die
Yet ſtill we live, live in Exceſs of Pain!
Our Friends and Relatives are ſlain;
Nothing but Ruins round us ſee,
Nothing but Deſolation, Woe, and Miſery!
Nay, while we thus, with bleeding Hearts, complain,
Our Enemies without prepare
Their direful Engines to purſue the War;
And you may ſlaviſhly preſerve your Breath,
Or ſeek for Freedom in the Arms of Death.

VII.

Thus then reſolve: Nor tremble at the Thought;
Can glory be too dearly bought?
Since the Almighty Wiſdom has decreed,
That we, and all our Progeny, ſhould bleed;
It ſhall be after ſuch a noble Way,
Succeeding Ages will with Wonder view
What brave Deſpair compell'd us to:
No, we will ne'er ſurvive another Day.
Bring then your Wives, your Children, all
That's valuable good or dear,

With

With ready Hands, and place 'em here;
They shall unite in one vast Funeral,
I know your Courages are truly brave,
And dare do any Thing but ill:
Who would an aged Father save,
That he may live in Chains and be a Slave,
Or for remorseless Enemies to kill?
Let your bold Hands then give the fatal Blow:
For, what at any other Time would be
The dire Effect of Rage and Cruelty,
Is Mercy, Tenderness, and Pity, now.
This then perform'd, we'll to the Battle fly,
And there, amidst our slaughter'd Foes, expire.
If 'tis Revenge and Glory you desire,
Now you may have them, if you dare but die:
Nay, more, ev'n Freedom and Eternity.

# *A PROSPECT of* DEATH.

## *A* Pindaric ESSAY.

*——Sed omnes una manet nox,*
*Et calcanda semel via lethi.* HORACE.

I.

SINCE we can die but once, and after Death
Our State no Alteration knows;
But when we have resign'd our Breath,

Th' im-

Th' immortal Spirit goes
To endleſs Joys, or everlaſting Woes:
Wiſe is the Man who labours to ſecure
That mighty and important Stake;
And, by all Methods ſtrives to make
His Paſſage ſafe, and his Reception ſure,
Merely to die, no Man of Reaſon fears;
For certainly we muſt,
As we are born, return to Duſt:
'Tis the laſt Point of many ling'ring Years,
But whither then we go,
Whither, we fain would know;
But human Underſtanding cannot ſhew.
This makes us tremble, and creates
Strange Apprehenſions in the Mind;
Fills it with reſtleſs Doubts, and wild Debates,
Concerning what we, Living, cannot find.
None know what Death is, but the Dead;
Therefore we all, by Nature, Dying dread,
As a ſtrange, doubtful Way, we know not how to tread.

II.

WHEN to the Margin of the Grave we come,
And ſcarce have one black, painful Hour to live;
No Hopes, no Proſpect of a kind Reprieve,
To ſtop our ſpeedy Paſſage to the Tomb;
How moving, and how mournful is the Sight!
How wond'rous pitiful, how wond'rous ſad!
Where then is Refuge, where is Comfort, to be had

In

In the dark Minutes of the dreadful Night,
To chear our drooping Souls for their amazing Flight?
Feeble and languishing in Bed we lie,
Despairing to recover, void of Rest;
Wishing for Death, and yet afraid to die:
Terrors and Doubts distract our Breast,
With mighty Agonies and mighty Pains oppress.

III.

Our Face is moisten'd with a clammy Sweat;
Faint and irregular and Pulses beat;
The Blood unactive grows,
And thickens as it flows,
Depriv'd of all its Vigour, all its vital Heat,
Our dying Eyes roll heavily about,
Their Light just going out:
And for some kind Assistance call:
But Pity, useless Pity's all
Our weeping Friends can give,
Or we receive;
Tho' their Desires are great, their Pow'rs are small,
The Tongue's unable to declare.
The Pains and Griefs, the Miseries, we bear;
How insupportable our Torments are.
Music no more delights our deaf 'ning Ears,
Restores our Joys, or dissipates our Fears;
But all is melancholy, all is sad,
In Robes of deepest Mourning clad;

For,

For ev'ry Faculty, and ev'ry Sense,
Partakes the Woe of this dire Exigence.

IV.

THEN we are sensible too late,
'Tis no advancing to be rich or great:
For, all the fulsome Pride and Pageantry of State
No Consolation brings.
Riches and Honours then are useless Things,
Tasteless, or bitter all;
And, like the Book which the Apostle eat;
To the ill-judging Palate sweet,
But turn at last to a Nauseousness and Gall.
Nothing will then our drooping Spirits chear,
But the Remembrance of good Actions past.
Virtue's a Joy that will for ever last,
And makes pale Death less terrible appear;
Takes out his baneful Sting, and palliates our Fear.
In the dark Anti-chamber of the Grave
What would we give (ev'n all we have,
All that our Care and Industry have gain'd,
All that our Policy, our Fraud, our Art, obtain'd)
Could we recal those fatal Hours again)
Which we consum'd in senseless Vanities,
Ambitious Follies, or luxurious Ease!
For then they urge our Terrors, and increase our Pain.

V. OUR

V.

Our Friends and Relatives ſtand weeping by,
Diſſolv'd in Tears, to ſee us die;
And plunge into the deep Abyſs of wide Eternity.
In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve:
Their Sorrows cannot ours relieve.
They pity our deplorable Eſtate:
But what alas can Pity do
To ſoften the Decrees of Fate?
Beſides, the Sentence is irrecoverable too.
All their Endeavours to preſerve our Breath,
Tho' they do unſucceſsful prove,
Shew us how much, how tenderly they love?
But cannot cut off the Entail of Death,
Mournful they look, and crowd about our Bed:
One, with officious Haſte,
Brings us a cordial we want Senſe to taſte;
Another ſoftly raiſes up our Head
This wipes away the Sweat; that ſighing, cries
See what Convulſions, what ſtrong Agonies
Both Soul and Body undergo!
His Pains no Intermiſſion know;
For ev'ry Gaſp of Air he draws, returns in Sighs.
Each would his kind Aſſiſtance lend
To ſave his dear Relation, or his dearer Friend;
But ſtill in vain with Deſtiny they all contend.

VI. Our

VI.

Our Father, pale with Grief and Watching grown,
Takes our cold Hand in his, and cries, Adieu!
Adieu, my Child! now I muſt follow you:
Then weeps, and gently lays it down.
Our Sons, who in their tender Years,
Were Objects of our Cares, and of our Fears,
Come trembling to our Bed, and, kneeling, cry,
Bleſs us, O Father! now before you die;
Bleſs us, and be thou bleſs'd to all Eternity,
Our Friend, whom equal to ourſelves we love,
Compaſſionate and kind,
Cries, Will you leave me here behind?
Without me fly to the bleſs'd Seats above?
Without me, did I ſay? Ah, no!
Without thy Friend thou canſt not go:
For, tho' thou leav'ſt me grov'ling here below,
My Soul with thee ſhall upward fly,
And bear thy Spirit Company,
Thro' the bright Paſſage of the yielding Sky.
Ev'n Death, that parts thee from thyſelf, ſhall be
Incapable to ſeperate
(For 'tis not in the Pow'r of Fate)
My Friend, my beſt, my deareſt Friend, and me:
But, ſince it muſt be ſo, Farewel;
For ever! No; for we ſhall meet again,
And live like Gods, tho' now we die like Men,
In the eternal Regions, where juſt Spirits dwell.

VII. THE

VII.

THE Soul, unable longer to maintain
The fruitless and unequal Strife
Finding her weak Endeavours vain,
To keep the Counterscrape of Life,
By slow Degrees, retires towards the Heart,
And fortifies that little Fort
With all its kind Artilleries of Art;
Botanic Legions guarding ev'ry Port.
But Death whose Arms no Mortal can repel,
A formal Siege disdains to lay;
Summons his fierce Battalions to the Fray,
And in a Minute storms the feeble Citadel.
Sometimes we may capitulate, and he
Pretends to make a solid Peace;
But 'tis all Sham, all Artifice,
That we may negligent and careless be:
For, if his Armies are withdrawn to Day,
And we believe no Danger near,
But all is peaceable, and all is clear;
His Troops return some unsuspected Way;
While in the soft Embraces of Sleep we lie,
The secret Murd'rers stab us and we die,

VIII.

SINCE our first Parents Fall,
Inevitable Death descends on all;

A Por-

A Portion none of human Race can miſs:
But that which makes it ſweet or bitter, is
The Fears of Miſery, or certain Hopes of Bliſs.
For, when th' Impenitent and Wicked die,
Loaded with Crimes and Infamy,
If any Senſe at that ſad Time remains,
They feel amazing Terrors, mighty Pains;
The Earneſt of that vaſt, ſtupendous Woe.
Which they to all Eternity muſt undergo,
Confin'd in Hell with everlaſting Chains.
Infernal Spirits hover in the Air,
Like rav'nous Wolves, to ſeize upon the Prey.
And hurry the departed Souls away
To the dark Receptacles of Deſpair:
Where they muſt dwell 'till that tremendous Day,
When the loud Trumpet ſhall call them to appear
Before a *Judge* moſt terrible, and moſt ſevere;
By whoſe juſt Sentence they muſt go
To everlaſting Pains, and endleſs Woe.

## IX.

But the good Man, whoſe Soul is pure,
Unſpotted, regular, and free
From all the ugly Stains of Luſt and Villany,
Of Mercy and of Pardon ſure,
Looks thro' the Darkneſs of the gloomy Night:
And ſees the Dawning of a glorious Day;
Sees Crowds of Angels ready to convey

His Soul whene'er ſhe takes her Flight
To the ſurprizing Manſions of immortal Light.
Then the cœleſtial Guards around him ſtand;
Nor ſuffer the black Dæmons of the Air
T'oppoſe his Paſſage to the promis'd Land,
Or terrify his Thoughts with wild Deſpair;
But all is calm within, and all without is fair.
His Pray'rs, his Charity, his Virtues, preſs
To plead for Mercy when he wants it moſt;
Not one of all the happy Number's loſt:
And thoſe bright Advocates ne'er want Succeſs,
But when the Soul's releas'd from dull Mortality,
She paſſes up in Triumph thro' the Sky:
Where ſhe's united to a glorious Throng
Of Angels; who, with a cæleſtial Song,
Congratulate her Conqueſt as ſhe flies along.

X.

If therefore all muſt quit the Stage,
When, or how ſoon we cannot know;
But late or early, we are ſure to go;
In the freſh Bloom of Youth, or wither'd Age;
We cannot take too ſedulous a Care,
In this important, grand Affair:
For, as we die, we muſt remain?
Hereafter all our Hopes are vain,
To make our Peace with Heav'n, or to return again.
The Heathen, who no better underſtood
Than what Light of Nature taught, declar'd,
No future Miſery could be prepar'd
For the Sincere, the Merciful, the Good;

But

But if there was a State of Reſt,
They ſhould with the ſame Happineſs be bleſt
As the immortal Gods, if Gods there were, poſſeſt,
We have the Promiſe of the eternal Truth,
Thoſe who live well, and pious Paths purſue,
To Man, and to their Maker, true,
Let 'em expire in Age, or Youth,
Can never miſs
Their Way to everlaſting Bliſs:
But from a World of Miſery and Care
To Manſions of eternal Eaſe repair;
Where Joy in full Perfection flows,
And in an endleſs Circle moves,
Thro' the vaſt Round of Beatific Love,
Which no Ceſſation knows.

## *On the* General CONFLAGRATION, *and* Enſuing JUDGMENT. *A* Pindaric ESSAY.

*Eſſe quoque in fatis, reminiſcitur, affore tempus*
*Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cæli*
*Ardeat, & mundi moles operoſa laborat.* Ovid Met.

I

NOW the black Days of univerſal Doom,
Which wondrous Prophecies foretold, are come:

What ſtrong Convulſions, what ſtupendous Woe,
Muſt ſinking Nature undergo,
Amidſt the dreadful Wreck, and final Overthrow!
Methinks I hear her, conſcious of her Fate,
With fearful Groans, and hideous Cries,
Fill the preſaging Skies
Unable to ſupport the Weight
Or of the preſent, or approaching Miſeries.
Methinks I hear her ſummon all
Her guilty Offspring, raving with Diſpair,
And trembling, cry aloud, Prepare,
Ye ſublunary Pow'rs t'attend my Funeral!

II.

See, ſee the tragical Portents,
Thoſe dismal Harbingers of dire Events!
Loud Thunders roars, and darting Lightnings fly
Thro' the dark Concave of the troubled Sky;
The fi'ry Ravage is begun, the End is nigh.
See how the glaring Meteors blaze!
Like baleful Torches, O they come,
To light diſſolving Nature to her Tomb!
And, ſcatt'ring round their peſtilential Rays,
Strike the affrighted Nations with a wild Amaze.
Vaſt Sheets of Flame, and Globe of Fire,
By án impetuous Wind are driven
Thro' all the Regions of th' inferior Heav'n;
Till, hid in ſulph'rous Smoak, they ſeemingly expire.

III.

Sad and amazing 'tis to ſee,
What mad Confuſion rages over all
This ſcorching Ball!

No

No Country is extempt, no Nation free,
But each partakes the epidemic Miſery.
What diſmal Havock of Mankind is made
By Wars, and Peſtilence, and Dearth,
Thro' the whole mournful Earth?
Which with a murd'ring Fury they invade,
Forſook by Providence, and all propitious Aid!
Whilſt Fiends let looſe, their utmoſt Rage employ,
To ruin all Things here below;
Their Malice and Revenge no Limits know
But in the univerſal Tumult, all deſtroy.

IV.

Distracted Mortals from their Cities fly,
For Safety to their champain Ground?
But there no Safety can be found;
The Vengeance of an angry Deity,
With unrelenting Fury, does incloſe them round:
And whilſt for Mercy ſome aloud implore
The God they ridicul'd before;
And others, raving with their Woe,
(For Hunger, Thurſt, Deſpair, they undergo)
Blaſpheme and curſe the Pow'r they ſhould adore:
The Earth, parch'd up with Drought, her Jaws extends,
And opining wide a dreadful Tomb,
The howling Multitude at once deſcends
Together all into her burning Womb.

V.

The trembling *Alps* abſcond their aged Heads
In mighty Pillars of infernal Smoke,
Which from their bellowing Caverns broke,
And ſuffocates whole Nations where it ſpreads.

Sometimes the Fire within divides
The maſſy Rivers of thoſe ſecret Chains,
Which hold together their prodigious Sides,
And hurls the ſhatter'd Rocks o'er all the Plains;
While Towns and Cities, ev'ry thing below,
Is overwhelm'd with the ſame Burſt of Woe

VI.

No Show'rs defend from the malignant Sky,
To cool the Burning of the thirſty Field;
The Trees no Leaves, no Graſs the Meadows, yield,
But all is barren, all is dry.
The little Rivulets no more
To larger Streams their Tribute pay,
Nor to the ebbing Ocean they;
Which, with a ſtrange unuſual Roar
Forſakes thoſe ancient Bounds it would have paſs'd before
And to the monſtrous Deep in vain retires:
For ev'n the Deep itſelf is not ſecure,
But, belching ſubterraneous Fires,
Increaſes ſtill the ſcalding Calenture
Which neither Earth, nor Air, nor Water, can endure.

VII.

The Sun by Sympathy, concern'd
At thoſe Convulſions, Pangs, and Agonies,
Which on the whole Creation ſeize,
Is to ſuſtantial Darkneſs turn'd.
The neighb'ring Moon, as if a purple Flood
O'erflow'd her tott'ring Orb, appears
Like a huge Maſs of black corrupted Blood;
For ſhe herſelf a Diſſolution fears,

The

The larger Planets, which once ſhone ſo bright,
With the reflected Rays of borrow'd Light,
Shook from their Centre, without Motion lie,
Unweildy Globes of ſolid Night,
And ruinous Lumber of the Sky.

VIII.

Amidst this dreadful Hurricane of Woes,
(For Fire, Confuſion, Horror, and Deſpair)
Fill ev'ry Region of the tortur'd Earth and Air,
The great Archangel his loud Trumpet blows;
At whoſe amazing Sound freſh Agonies
Upon expiring Nature ſeize:
For now ſhe'll in few Minutes know
Th' ultimate Event and Fate of all below.
Awake, ye Dead, awake, he cries;
(For all muſt come)
All that had human Breath, ariſe,
To hear your laſt, unalterable Doom.

IX.

At this the ghaſtly Tyrant, who had ſway'd
So many thouſand Ages uncontroll'd,
No longer could his Scepter hold;
But gave up all, and was himſelf a Captive made.
The ſcatter'd Particles of human Clay,
Which in the ſilent Grave's dark Chambers lay,
Reſume their priſtine Forms again,
And now from mortal, grow immortal Men.
Stupendous Energy of ſacred Pow'r.
Which can collect, where ever caſt

The ſmalleſt Atoms, and that Shape reſtore
Which they had worn ſo many Years before,
That thro' ſtrange Accidents and num'rous Changes paſt!

X.

See how the joyful Angels fly
From ev'ry Quarter of the Sky,
To gather and to convoy all
The pious Sons of human Race,
To one capacious Place,
Above the Confines of this flaming Ball.
See with what Tenderneſs and Love they bear
Thoſe righteous Souls thro' the tumult'ous Air;
Whilſt the Ungodly ſtand below,
Raging with Shame, Confuſion, and Deſpair,
Amidſt the burning Overthrow,
Expecting fiercer Torment, and acuter Woe.
Round them infernal Spirits howling fly;
O Horror, Curſes, Tortures, Chains! they cry,
And roar aloud with execrable Blaſphemy.

XI.

Hark how the daring Sons of Infamy
Who once diſſolv'd in Pleaſures lay,
And laugh'd at this tremendous Day,
To Rocks and Mountains now to hide 'em cry,
But Rocks and Mountains all in Aſhes lie.
Their Shame's ſo mighty, and ſo ſtrong their Fear,
That, rather than appear
Before a God incens'd, they would be hurl'd
Amongſt the burning Ruins of the World,
And lie conceal'd, if poſſible for ever there.

Time

Time was they would not own a *Deity*,
Nor after Death a future State;
But now, by ſad Experience find, too late,
There is, and terrible to that Degree,
That rather than behold his Face, they'd ceaſe to be,
And ſure 'tis better, if Heav'n would give Conſent
To have no Being; but they muſt remain,
For ever, and for ever be in Pain.
O inexpreſſible, ſtupendous Puniſhment,
Which cannot be endur'd, yet muſt be underwent;

XII.

But ſlow the eaſtern Skies expanding wide,
The Glorious JUDGE Omnipotent deſcends,
And to the ſublunary World his Paſſage bends;
Where, cloath'd with human Nature, he did once reſide.
Round him the bright Æthereal Armies fly,
And loud triumphant *Hallelujahs* ſing,
With Songs of Praiſe, and Hymns of Victory,
To their Cæleſtial KING;
All Glory, Pow'r, Dominion, Majeſty,
Now, and for everlaſting Ages, be
To the Eſſential, *One*, and Co-eternal *Three*.
Periſh that World, as 'tis decreed,
Which ſaw the GOD Incarnate Bleed!
Periſh by thy Almighty Vengeance thoſe
Who durſt thy Perſon, or thy Laws, expoſe;
The curſed Refuge of Mankind, and Hell's proud Seed.
Now to the unbelieving Nations ſhew,
Thou art a GOD from all Eternity;
Not titular, or but by Office ſo;

And let 'em the myſterious Union ſee
Of human Nature with the *Diety*.

XIII.

With mighty Tranſports, yet with awful Fears,
The Good behold this glorious Sight?
Their God in all his Majeſty appears,
Ineffable, amazing bright,
And ſeated on a Throne of everlaſting Light
Round the Tribunal, next to the moſt High,
In ſacred Diſcipline and Order, ſtand
Peers and Princes of the Sky,
As they excel in Glory or Command.
Upon the Right Hand that illuſtrious Croud,
In the white Boſom of a ſhining Cloud,
Whoſe Souls abhorring all ignoble Crimes,
Did, with a ſteady Courſe, purſue
His holy Precepts in the worſt of Times,
Maugre what Earth or Hell, what Man or Devils could do,
And now that God they did to Death adore,
For whom ſuch Torments and ſuch Pains they bore
Returns to place them on thoſe Thrones above,
Where, undiſturb'd, uncloy'd, they will poſſeſs
Divine, ſubſtantial Happineſs,
Unbounded as his Pow'r, and laſting as his Love.

XIV.

Go bring, the *Judge* impartial, frowning, cries,
Thoſe rebel Sons, who did my Laws deſpiſe;
Whom neither Threats nor Promiſes could move,
Not all my Sufferings, nor all my Love,
To ſave themſelves from everlaſting Miſeries.

At

At this ten Millions of Archangels flew
Swifter than Lightning, or the ſwifteſt Thought.
And leſs than in an Inſtant brought
The wretched, curs'd, infernal, Crew;
Who with diſtorted Aſpects come,
To hear their ſaid, intolerable Doom.
Alas they cry, one Beam of Mercy ſhew,
Thou all forgiving Deity!
To pardon Crimes is natural to Thee;
Cruſh us to nothing, or ſuſpend our Woe;
But if it cannot, cannot be,
And we muſt go into a Gulph of Fire,
(For who can with Omnipotence contend?)
Grant, for thou art a GOD, it may at laſt expire,
And all our Tortures have an End,
Eternal Burnings, O, we cannot bear!
Tho' now our Bodies too immortal are,
Let 'em be pungent to the laſt Degree;
And let our Pains innumerable be;
But let 'em not extend to all Eternity!

XV.

Lo, now there does no Place remain
For Penitence and Tears, but all
Muſt by their Actions ſtand or fall:
To hope for Pity is in vain;
The Dye is caſt, and not to be recall'd again.
Two mighty Books are by two Angels brought:
In this, impartially recorded, ſtands
The Law of Nature, and Divine Commands:

In that, each Action, Word, and Thought,
Whate'er was ſaid in ſecret wrought,
Then firſt the Virt'ous and the Good,
Who all the Fury of Temptation ſtood,
And bravely paſs'd thro' Ignominy, Chains, and Blood
Attended by their Guardian Angels come
To the tremendous Bar of final Doom.
In vain the grand Accuſer, railing, brings
A long Indictment of enormous Things,
Whoſe Guilt wip'd off by penitential Tears,
And their Redeemer's Blood and Agonies,
No more to their Aſtoniſhment appears,
But in the ſecret Womb of dark Oblivion lies.

XVI.

Come, now, my Friends, he cries ye Sons of Grace,
Partakers once of all my Wrongs and Shame,
Deſpis'd and hated for my Name;
Come to your Saviour's and your God's Embrace
Aſcend, and thoſe bright Diadems poſſeſs,
For you by my Eternal Father made,
E'er the Foundation of the World was laid;
And that ſurprizing Happineſs,
Immenſe as my own Godhead, and will ne'er be leſs,
For when I languiſhing in Priſon lay,
Naked, and ſtarv'd almoſt for want of Bread,
You did your kindly Viſits pay.
Both cloath'd my Body, and my Hunger fed.
Weary'd with Sickneſs, or oppreſs'd with Grief.
Your Hand was always ready to ſupply:
Whene'er I wanted you were always by,
To ſhare my Sorrows, or to give Relief.

In all Diſtreſs, ſo tender was your Love,
I could no anxious Trouble bear;
No black Misfortune, or vexatious Care,
But you were ſtill impatient to remove,
And mourn'd, your charitable Hand ſhould unſucceſsful prove:
All this you did, tho' not to me
In Perſon, yet to mine in Miſery:
And ſhall for ever live
In all the Glories that a GOD can give
Or a created Being's able to receive,

XVII.

AT this the Architects Divine on high,
Innumerable Thrones of Glory raiſe,
On which they, in appointed Order, place,
The human Coheirs of Eternity;
And with united Hymns the GOD Incarnate praiſe
O Holy, Holy, Holy LORD,
Eternal God, Almighty *One*,
Be Thou for ever, and be thou alone,
By all thy Creatures, conſtantly adored!
Ineffable, Co-equal *Three*,
Who from Non-entity gave Birth
To Angels and to Men, to Heaven and to Earth,
Yet always waſt Thyſelf, and wilt for ever be,
But for thy Mercy, we had ne'er poſſeſt
Theſe Thrones, and this immenſe Felicity
Could ne'er have been ſo infinitely bleſt:
Therefore all Glory, Pow'r, Dominion, Majeſty,
To Thee, O Lamb of GOD, to Thee,
For ever, longer, than for ever be,

XVIII. THEN

## XVIII.

THEN the Incarnate GODHEAD turns his Face
To thoſe upon the Left, and cries.
(Almighty Vengeance flaſhing in his Eyes
Ye impious, unbelieving Race,
To thoſe eternal Torments go,
Prepar'd for thoſe rebellious Sons of Light
In burning Darkneſs and in flaming Night;
Which ſhall no Limit or Ceſſation know,
But always are extreme, and always will be ſo,
The final Sentence paſs'd, a dreadful Cloud
Incloſing all the miſerable Crowd,
A mighty Hurricane of Thunder roſe,
And hurl'd 'em all into a Lake of Fire,
Which never, never, never can expire;
The vaſt Abyſs of endleſs Woes:
Whilſt with their GOD the Righteous mount on high,
In glorious Triumph paſſing thro, the Sky,
To Joys immenſe, and Everlaſting Extaſy.

# REMAINS
OF THE
# *Rev. Mr.* POMFRET.

*VIZ.*

REASON. *A Satire.*

*Dies Novissima:* Or, *The* LAST EPIPHANY. *A* Pindaric Ode.

The FOURTH EDITION.

*LONDON:*
Printed in the Year M.DCC.XXXVI.

# REMAINS

OF THE

# REV. M. POMERET.

# *Some Account of Mr.* POMFRET, *and his* Writings.

THE two following Pieces are the only *Poetical Remains* of the Reverend Mr. POMFRET, and were lately found, among some other Papers of a private Nature, in the Custody of an intimate Friend.

The *first* of them, intituled, *Reason*, was wrote by him in the Year 1700, when the Debates concerning the Doctrine of the *Trinity* were carried on with so much Heat by the Clergy one against another, that King WILLIAM was obliged to interpose his Royal Authority, by putting an End to that pernicious Controversy, through an Act of Parliament, strictly forbidding any Persons whatsoever to publish their Notions on this Subject. It is indeed a severe, tho' very just Satire upon the Antagonists engaged in that Dispute: And was published by Mr. POMFRET at the Time it was wrote. The not inserting of *it* among his *other* Poems, when he collected them into a Volume, was on account of his having received very signal Favours from some of the Persons therein mentioned: But, *They* as well as *He*, being now dead, it is hoped that the Revival of it at this Juncture, will answer the same good Purpses intended by the Author in its original Composition.

THE *other*, intituled, *Dies Novissima*; or, *The Last Epiphany: a Pindaric Ode on Christ's second Appearance to judge the World*, is now printed from a Manuscript under his own Hand. It must be, indeed, confessed, that many

many excellent Pens have exercised their Talents upon this Subject; but yet notwithstanding the different Manner in which they have treated it, I dare say, there will be found such a holy Warmth animating this Piece throughout, that, as *The Guardian* has observed of *Divine Poetry*, *We shall find a Kind of* Refuge *in our* Pleasure, *and our* Diversion *well become our* Safety.

HAVING thus given a faithful Account of these valuable *Remains*, there is another natural Piece of Justice still due to the Memory of the *Author*. In the first Place by giving some Account of his Family, to clear him from the Aspersion of *Fanaticism*, which have been generally cast on him through notorious Mistake; and, in the next Place, to defend the Genuineness of his Writings from the injurious Treatment of those who have, either through Malice or Ignorance, ascribed some of them to other Persons.

THE true Account of his Family, is as follows; *viz* Mr. POMFRET's Father was Rector of *Luton* in *Bedfordshire*, and himself was preferred to the Living of *Malden* in the same County. He was liberally educated at an eminent Grammar School in the Country; from whence he was sent to the University of *Cambridge*; but of what College he was entered I know not. There he wrote most of his Poetical Compositions, took the Degree of Master of Arts, and very early accomplished himself in most Kinds of Polite Literature.

IT was shortly after his leaving the University, that he was preferred to the Living of *Malden* abovementioned; and so far was he from being in the least tinctured with *Fanaticism*, that I have often heard him express his Abhorrence of the destructive Tenets maintained by those People, both against our *Religious* and *Civil Rights*.

THIS Imputation it seems, was cast on him, by there having been one of his Surname, though not any way related

related to him, a Diſſenting Teacher, who died not long ago *: So far diſtant from the Accuſation were the Principles of this excellent Man.

About the Year, 1703, Mr. Pomfret came up to *London*, for Inſtitution and Induction into a very conſiderable Living: But was retarded for ſome time, by a Diſguſt taken by Dr. Henry Compton, then Biſhop of *London*, at theſe *four Lines* in the Cloſe of his *Poem*, entituled, *The Choice*:

*And as I near approach'd the Verge of Life,*
*Some kind Relation (for I'd have* no Wife*)*
*Should take upon him all my* worldy Care,
*While I did for a* better State *prepare.*

The *Parentheſis*, in theſe Verſes, was ſo maliciouſly repreſented to the Biſhop, that his Lordſhip was given to underſtand, *it* could bear no other Conſtruction, than that Mr. Pomfret preferred a *Miſtreſs* before a *Wife*: tho', I think, the contrary is ſelf-evident; the Verſes implying no more, than the Preference of a *Single Life* to *Marriage*; unleſs his Brethren of the Gown will aſſert that an unmarried Clergyman cannot live without a *Miſtreſs*. But the worthy Prelate was ſoon convinced of the prepenſe Malice of Mr. Pomfret's Enemies towards him, he being at that Time married: Yet their baſe Oppoſition of his deſerved Merit had in ſome Meaſure its Effect; for, by the Obſtructions he met with, and the *Small-Pox* being at that time very rife, he ſickened of them, and died at *London*, in the 26th Year of his Age.

The ungenerous Treatment he has ſince met with in Regard to his *Poetical Compoſitions*, is in a Book inti-

* Mr. Samuel Pomfret, who publiſhed ſome Rhimes upon *Spiritual Subjects*, as they are pleaſed to call them.

tuled,

tuled, *Poems by the Earl of* ROSCOMMON and *Mr.* DUKE*; in the Preface to which the Publiſher has peremptorily inſerted the following Paragraph: *In this Collection* (ſays he) *of my Lord* ROSCOMMON's Poems, *Care has been taken to inſert* all *that I could poſſibly procure that are* truly genuine; *there having been ſeveral Things publiſhed under* his Name, *which were written by others, the Authors of which I could ſet down, if it were material.* Now this arrogant Editor would have been more juſt, both to the Publick, and to the Earl of ROSCOMMON's Memory, in telling us *what Things* had been publiſhed under his Lordſhips *Name* by *others*, than by concealing the *Authors* of any ſuch *groſs Impoſitions*. Inſtead of which, he is ſo much a Stranger to *Impartiality*, that he has been guilty of the very Crime he exclaims againſt; for he has not only attributed the *Proſpect of Death* to the Earl ROSCOMMON, which was wrote by Mr. POMFRET many Years after his Lordſhip's Deceaſe; but likewiſe another Piece, intituled, *The Prayer of* JEREMY *Paraphraſed; prophetically repreſenting the paſſionate Grief of the* Jewiſh *People for the Loſs of their own Town and Sanctuary*; written by Mr. SOUTHCOT, a worthy Gentleman now living, who firſt publiſhed it himſelf in the Year 1717 † So that it is to be hoped, in a future Edition of the Earl of ROSCOMMON's and Mr. DUKE's *Poems*, the ſame Care will be taken to do theſe *Gentlemen* Juſtice, as to prevent any other Perſons from hereafter injuring the Memory of his *Lordſhip*. 1724.

*PHILALETHES.*

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* Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, 1727. *Octavo.*

† See *Miſcellaneous Poems and Tranſlation.* Printed for *Bernard Lintot*. *Octavo.*

REASON.

# REASON:

## A

# POEM.

UNHAPPY Man! who, thro' ſucceſſive Years,
From early Youth to Life's laſt Childhood errs:
No ſooner born but proves a Foe to Truth;
For Infant *Reaſon* is o'erpower'd in Youth.
The Cheats of Senſe will half our Learning ſhare;
And pre-conceptions all our Knowledge are,
*Reaſon*, 'tis true, ſhould over Senſe preſide,
Correct our Notions, and our Judgments guide,
But falſe Opinions rooted in the Mind,
Hoodwink the Soul, and keep our *Reaſon* blind.
*Reaſon*'s a Taper, which but faintly burns;
A languid Flame, that glows and dies by Turns:
We ſee't a little while, and but a little Way:
We travel by its Light, as Men by Day:

But

But quickly dying, it forſakes us ſoon,
Like Morning-Stars, that never ſtay till Noon.

THE Soul can ſcarce above the Body riſe;
And all we ſee is with corporeal Eyes.
Life now does ſcarce one Glimpſe of Light diſplay;
We mourn in Darkneſs, and deſpair of Day:
That nat'ral Light, once dreſt with orient Beams,
Is now diminiſh'd and a Twilight ſeems;
A miſcellaneous Compoſition, made
Of Night and Day, of Sunſhine and of Shade.
Thro' an uncertain *Medium* now we look,
And find that *Falſhood*, which for *Truth* we took:
So Rays projected from the *Eaſtern* Skies,
Shew the falſe Day before the Sun can riſe.

THAT little Knowledge now which Man obtains,
From outward Objects and from Senſe he gains?
He, like a wretched Slave muſt plod and ſweat;
By Day muſt toil, by Night that Toil repeat;
And yet, at laſt, what little Fruit he gains?
A Beggar's Harveſt, glean'd with mighty Pains.

THE Paſſions ſtill predominant will rule,
Ungovern'd, rude, not bred in *Reaſon*'s School;
Our Underſtanding they with Darkneſs fill,
Cauſe ſtrong Corruptions, and pervert the Will:
On theſe the Soul, as on ſome flowing Tide,
Muſt ſit, and on the raging Billows ride,

Hurry'd

Hurry'd away; for how can be withſtood
Th' impetuous Torrent of the boiling Blood;
Be gone, falſe Hopes for all our Learning's vain;
Can we be free where theſe the Rule maintain;
Theſe are the Tools of Knowledge which we uſe;
The Spirits heated, will ſtrange Things produce.
Tell me, who e'er the Paſſions could controul,
Or from the Body diſengage the Soul:
Till this is done, our beſt Purſuits are vain,
To conquer Truth, and unmix'd Knowledge gain.
Thro' all the bulky Volumes of the Dead,
And thro' thoſe Books that modern Times have bred.
With Pain we travel, as thro' mooriſh Ground
Where ſcarce one uſeful Plant is ever found;
O'er-run with Errors, which ſo thick appear,
Our Search proves vain, no Spark of Truth is there.

WHAT's all the noiſy Jargon of the Schools,
But idle Nonſenſe of laborious Fools,
Who fetter *Reaſon* with perplexing Rules?
What in AQUINA's bulky Works are found,
Does not enlighten *Reaſon*, but confound,
Who travels SCOTUS' ſwelling Tomes, ſhall find
A Cloud of Darkneſs riſing on the Mind,
In controverted Points can *Reaſon* ſway,
When Paſſion or Conceit, ſtill hurries us away?
Thus his new Notions SHERLOCK would inſtill,
And clear the greateſt Myſteries at Will;
But, by unlucky Wit, perplex'd them more,
And made them darker than they were before.

SOUTH

SOUTH ſoon oppos'd him, out of Chriſtian Zeal;
Shewing how well he could diſpute and rail.
How ſhall we e'er diſcover which is right,
When both ſo eagerly maintain the Fight?
Each does the other's Arguments deride;
Each has the Church and Scripture on his Side.
The ſharp, ill natur'd Combat's but a Jeſt;
Both may be wrong; one, perhaps, errs the leaſt.
How ſhall we know which Articles are true,
The *old ones* of the Church, or BURNET's *new?*
In Paths uncertain and unſafe he treads,
Who blindly follow others fertile Heads,
What ſure, what certain Mark have we to know,
The right or wrong 'twixt BURGESS, WAKE, and HOWE.

SHOULD unturn'd Nature crave the *Medic Art*,
What Health can that contentious Tribe impart?
Ev'ry Phyſician writes a different Bill,
And gives no other *Reaſon* but his Will.
No longer boaſt your Art, ye impious Race;
Let Wars 'twixt *Alcalies* and *Acids* ceaſe;
And proud G—LL with COLBATCH be at Peace.
GIBBONS and RADCLIFFE do but rarely gueſs;
To Day they've *good* to Morrow *no* Succeſs.
Ev'n GARTH and * MAURUS ſometimes ſhall prevail,
When GIBSON, learn'd HANNES, and TYSON, fail.
And, more than once, we've ſeen that blund'ring S—NE,
Miſſing the Gout, by chance has hit the Stone;

* Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE.

The

The Patient does the lucky Error find:
A Cure he works, tho' not the Cure design'd.

CUSTOM, the World's great Idol, we adóre;
And knowing this, we ſeek to know no more.
What Education did at firſt receive,
Our ripen'd Age confirms us to believe;
The careful Nurſe, and Prieſt, are all we need,
To learn Opinions, and our Country's Creed:
The Parents Precepts early are inſtill'd,
And ſpoil the Man, while they inſtruct the Child.
To what hard Fate is human Kind betray'd,
When thus implicit Faith, a Virtue made;
When Education more than Truth prevails,
And nought is current but what Cuſtom ſeals?
Thus, from the Time we firſt began to know,
We live and learn, but not the Wiſer grow.

WE ſeldom uſe our Liberty aright,
Nor judge of Things by univerſal Light:
Our Prepoſſeſſions and Affections bind
The Soul in Chains, and lord it o'er the Mind;
And if Self-int'reſt be but in the Caſe
Our unexamin'd Principles may paſs,
Good Heav'ns! that Man ſhould thus himſelf deceive,
To learn on Credit, and on Truſt believe!
Better the Mind no Notions had retain'd:
But ſtill a fair, unwritten Blank remain'd:
For now, who Truth from Falſhood would diſcern,
Muſt firſt diſrobe the Mind, and all unlearn,

Errors,

Errors, contracted in unmindful Youth,
When once remov'd, will ſmooth the Way to Truth:
To diſpoſſeſs the Child the Mortal lives;
But Death approaches ere the Man arrives.

THOSE who would Learning's glorious Kingdom find,
The dear-bought Purchaſe of the trading Mind,
From many Dangers muſt themſelves acquit,
And more than *Scylla* and *Charibdis* meet.
Oh! what an Ocean muſt be voyag'd o'er,
To gain a Proſpect of the ſhining Shore!
Reſiſting Rocks oppoſe th' Inquiring Soul,
And adverſe Waves retard it as they roll.

DOES not that fooliſh Deference we pay
To Men that liv'd long ſince, our Paſſage ſtay?
What odd, prepoſt'rous Paths at firſt we tread,
And learn to walk by ſtumbling on the Dead?
Firſt we a Bleſſing from the Grave implore,
Worſhip *old Urns*, and *Monuments* adore;
The rev'rend Sage, with vaſt Eſteem, we prize:
He liv'd long ſince, and muſt be wondrous wiſe.
Thus are we Debtors to the famous Dead,
For all thoſe Errors which their Fancies bred:
Errors indeed! for real Knowledge ſtay'd
With thoſe firſt Times, not farther was convey'd;
While light Opinions are much lower brought,
For on the Waves of Ignorance they float:
But ſolid Truth ſcarce ever gains the Shore,
So ſoon it ſinks, and ne'er emerges more.

SUPPOSE

Suppose thoſe many dreadful Dangers paſt,
Will Knowledge dawn, and bleſs the Mind, at laſt?
Ah! no 'tis now inviron'd from our Eyes,
Hides all its Charms, and undiſcover'd lies,
Truth, like a ſingle Point, eſcapes the Sight,
And claims Attention to perceive it right:
But what reſembles Truth is ſoon deſcry'd,
Spreads like a Surface, and expanded wide.
The firſt Man rarely, very rarely finds
The tedious Search of long enquiring Minds:
But yet what's worſe, we know not what we err;
What Mark does Truth, what bright Diſtinction bear?
How do we know that *what we know is true?*
How ſhall we Falſhood fly, and Truth purſue?
Let none then here his certain Knowledge boaſt;
'Tis all but *Probability* at moſt:
*This* is the eaſy Purchaſe of the Mind.
The *Vulgar's Treaſurere*, which we ſoon may find;
But *Truth* lies hid, and ere we can explore
The glitt'ring Gem, our fleeting Life is o'er.

# *Dies Noviſſima:*

## OR, THE

# LAST *EPIPHANY.*

## *A* PINDARIC Ode, *on* CHRIST's Second Appearance, *to* Judge *the* World.

I.

ADIEU, ye toyiſh Reeds, that once could pleaſe
My ſofter Lips, and lull my Cares to Eaſe:
Be gone; I'll waſte no more vain Hours with you:
And ſmiling SYLVIA too, adieu.
A brighter Pow'r invokes my Muſe,
And loftier Thoughts and Raptures does infuſe.
See beck'ning from yon Cloud, *He* ſtands,
And promiſes Aſſiſtance with his Hands,
I feel the heavy rolling GOD,
Incumbent, revel in his frail Abode.

How my Breaſt heaves, and Pulſes beat!
I ſink, I ſink, beneath the furious Heat:
The weighty Bliſs o'erwhelms my Breaſt,
And over-flowing Joys profuſely waſte.
Some nobler Bard, *O Sacred Pow'r*, inſpire,
Or Soul more large, th' Elapſes to receive:
And, brighter yet, to catch the Fire:
And each gay following Charm from Death to ſave;
——In vain the Suit—the God inflames my Breaſt;
I rave, with Extaſies oppreſt:
I riſe, the Mountains leſſen, and retire;
And now I mix, unſing'd, with elemental Fire:
The *leading* DEITY I have in view;
Nor Mortal knows, as yet, what Wonders will enſue.

II.

WE paſt thro' Regions of the unſully'd Light;
I gaz'd, and ſicken'd at the bliſsful Sight;
A ſhudd'ring Paleneſs ſeiz'd my Look:
At laſt the Peſt flew off, and thus I ſpoke;
"Say *Sacred Guide*, ſhall this bright Clime
"Survive the fatal Teſt of Time,
"Or periſh, with our mortal Globe below.
"When yon *Sun* no longer ſhines?
Straight I finiſh'd——veiling low;
The *Viſionary Pow'r* rejoins:
"'Tis not for you to aſk, nor mine to ſays,
"The Niceties of that *tremendous Day*.

" Know when o'er-jaded Time his Round was run,
" And finiſh'd are the radiant Journeys of the *Sun*
" The great *deciſive Morn* ſhall riſe,
" And Heav'ns *Bright* JUDGE appear in opening Skies
" Eternal Grace and Juſtice *He'll* beſtow
" On all the *trembling World* below.

III.

HE ſaid. I mus'd; and thus return'd:
" What Enſigns, courteous Stranger, tell,
" Shall the brooding Day reveal?
He anſwer'd mild———
" Already, ſtupid with their Crimes,
" Blind Mortals proſtrate to their Idols lie:
" Such where the boding Times,
" Ere Ruin blaſted from the fluicy Sky;
" Diſſolv'd they lay in fulſome Eaſe,
And revell'd in luxuriant Peace;
" In *Bacchanals* they did their Hours conſume,
And *Bacchanals* led on their ſwift, advancing Doom.

IV.

" ADULT'RATE *Chriſts* already riſe,
And dare t'aſſwage the angry Skies;
Erratic Throngs their SAVIOUR's Blood deny,
And from the *Croſs*, alas! *He* does neglected ſigh;
The *Anti-Chriſtian Pow'r* has rais'd his *Hydra-Head*,
And Ruin, only leſs than JESUS' Health, does ſpread.

So

So long the Gore thro' poiſon'd Veins has flow'd,
That ſcarcely ranker is a Fury's Blood;
Yet ſpacious Artifice, and fair Diſguiſe,
The Monſter's Shape, and curſt Deſign belies:
A *Fiend*'s black Venom, in an *Angel*'s Mien,
He quaffs, and ſcatters the contagious Spleen;
Straight, when *he* finiſhes his lawleſs Reign,
Nature ſhall paint the ſhining Scene;
Quick as the Lightning which inſpires the Train.

V.

FORWARD *Confuſion* ſhall provoke the Fray,
And *Nature* from her ancient Order ſtray;
Black Tempeſts, gath'ring from the Seas around,
In horrid Ranges ſhall advance;
And, as they march, in thickeſt Sables drown'd,
The Rival Thunder from the Clouds ſhall ſound,
And Lightnings join the fearful Dance:
The bluſt'rings Armies o'er the Skies ſhall ſpread,
And univerſal Terror ſhed;
Loud iſſuing Peals, and riſing Sheets of Smoke,
Th' encumber'd Region of the Air ſhall choke;
The noiſy Main ſhall laſh the ſuff'ring Shore,
And from the Rocks the breaking Billows roar;
Black Thunder burſts, blue Lightning burns,
And melting Worlds to Heaps of Aſhes turns,
The Foreſts ſhall beneath the Tempeſt bend,
And rugged Winds the nodding *Cedars* rend.

VI.

REVERSE all Nature's Web ſhall run,
And ſpotleſs *Miſrule*, all around,
Order, its flying Foe confound;
Whilſt backward all the Threads ſhall haſte to be unſpun.
Triumphant *Chaos*, with his oblique Wand,
(The Wand with which, ere Time begun,)
His wand'ring Slaves he did command,
And made 'em ſcamper right, and in rude Ranges run)
The hoſtile Harmony ſhall chace;
And as the Nymph reſigns her Place,
And panting to the neighb'ring Refuge flies,
The formleſs Ruffian ſlaughters with his Eyes;
And following, ſtorms the pearching Dame's Retreat.
Adding the Terror of his Threat;
The Globe ſhall faintly tremble round,
And backward jolt, diſtorted with the Wound.

VII.

SWATH'D in ſubſtantial Shrowds of Night,
The ſick'ning *Sun* ſhall from the World retire,
Stript of his dazling Robes of Fire;
Which dangling once ſhed round a laviſh Flood of Light
No frail Eclipſe, but all eſſential Shade,
Not yielding to primæval Gloom,
Whilſt Day was yet an *Embryo* in the Womb;

No

Nor glimm'ring in its Source, with Silver Streamers play'd,
*A jetty* Mixture of the Darkneſs ſpread
O'er murmuring *Ægypt*'s Head;
And that which Angels drew
O'er Nature's Face, when JESUS dy'd;
Which ſleeping Ghoſts for this miſtook,
And riſing, off their hanging Fun'rals ſhook,
And fleeting paſs'd, expos'd their bloodleſs Breaſts to View
Yet find it not ſo dark, and to their Dormitories glide.

VIII.

Now bolder Fires appear,
And palpable Obſcurement ſport,
Glaring and gay as falling LUCIFER,
Yet mark'd with Fate as when he fled th'ætherial Court
And plung'd into the opening Gulph of Night
A Sabre of immortal Flame I bore,
And, with this Arm, his flouriſhing Plume I tore,
And ſtraight the Fiend retreated from the Fight,

IX.

MEAN time the lambent Prodigies on high
Take gameſome Meaſures in the Sky;
Joy'd with his future Feaſt, the Thunder roars
In Chorus to th' enormous Harmony;
And holloo's to his Offspring from ſulphur'ous Stores:
Applauding how they tilt, and how they fly,
And their each nimble Turn, and radiant Embaſſy,

X. THE

X.

THE *Moon* turns paler at the Sight,
And all the *blazing Orbs* deny their Light;
The *Lightning*, with its livid Tail
A Train of glitt'ring Terrors draws behind,
Which o'er the trembling World prevail;
Wing'd and blown on by Storms of Wind,
They ſhew the hideous Leaps on either Hand
Of *Night*, that ſpreads her *Elon' Curtains* round
And there erects her royal Stand,
In ſev'n fold winding *Jot* her conſcious Temples bound.

XI.

THE *Stars* next, ſtarting from their Sphere,
In giddy Revolutions leap and bound;
While *this* with double Fury glares,
And meditates new Wars,
And wheels in ſportive Gyres around,
Its Neighbour ſhall advance to fight;
And while each offers to enlarge its Right,
The general Ruin ſhall increaſe,
And baniſh all the Votaries of Peace.
No more the *Stars*, with paler Beams,
Shall tremble o'er the Midnight Streams,
But travel downward to behold
What mimics 'em ſo twinkling there:
And like NARCISSUS, as they gain more near,

For

For the *lov'd Image* ſtraight expire,
And agonize in warm Deſire,
Or ſlake their Luſt, as in the Stream they roll.

XII.

WHILST the World burns, and all the Orbs below
In their viperous Ruins glow,
They ſink, and unſupported leave the Skies,
Which fall abrupt, and tell their Torment in the Noiſe.
Then ſee the *Almighty* JUDGE, ſedate and bright,
Cloth'd in Imperial Robes of Light!
His Wings the Wind, rough Storms the Chariot bear:
And nimble Harbingers before him fly,
And with officious Rudeneſs bruſh their Air;
Halt as he halts, then doubling in their Flight,
In horrid Sport with one another vie,
And leave behind quick-winding Tracts of Light;
Then urging, to their Ranks they cloſe,
And ſhiv'ring, leſt they ſtart, a *ſailing Caravan* compoſe.

XIII.

THE *Mighty* JUDGE rides in tempeſt'ous State
Whilſt mighty Guards his Orders wait:
His waving Veſtments ſhine
Bright as the *Sun*, which lately did its Beam reſign,
And burniſh'd Wreaths of Light ſhall make his Form [Divine.
Strong Beams of Majeſty around his Temples play.
And the tranſcendant Gaiety of his Face allay:

His

His *Father*'s rev'rend Characters he'll wear,
And both o'erwhelm with Light, and over-awe with Fear.
Myriads of Angels shall be there,
And I, perhaps, close the tremendous Rear;
Angels, the first and fairest Sons of Day,
Clad with eternal Youth, and, as their Vestments gay.

XIV.

Nor for Magnificence alone,
To brighten and enlarge the pageant Scene,
Shall we encircle his more dazling Throne,
And swell the Lustre of his pompous Train;
The nimble Ministers of Bliss or Woe
We shall attend, and save, or deal the Blow,
As *He* admits to Joy, or bids to pain.

XV.

The welcome News
Thro' every Angel's Breast fresh Raptures shall diffuse,
The Day is come,
When *Satan* with his Pow'rs shall sink to endless Doom
No more shall we his hostile Troops pursue
From Cloud to Cloud, nor the long Fight renew.

XVI.

Then Raphael, beg with Life, the Trump shall sound:
From falling Spheres the joyful Music shall rebound,
And Seas and Shores shall catch and propagate it round.

Louder

Louder he'll blow, and it ſhall ſpeak more ſhrill.
Than when, from *Sinai*'s Hill,
In Thunder, thro' the horrid redd'ning Smoke,
Th' ALMIGHTY ſpoke,
W'll ſhout around with martial Joy,
And thrice the vaulted Skies ſhall rend, and thrice our [ſhouts reply.
Then firſt th' *Archangel*'s Voice, aloud,
Shall chearfully ſalute the Day and Throng,
And *Hallelujah*, fill the Croud;
And I perhaps, ſhall cloſe the Song.

## XVII.

FROM its long Sleep all human Race ſhall riſe,
And ſee the *Morn* and JUDGE advancing in the Skies:
To their old Tenements the *Souls* return,
Whilſt down the Steep of Heav'n as ſwift the JUDGE de-[ſcends
Theſe look illuſtrious bright, no more to mourn;
Whilſt, ſee; diſtracted Looks yon ſtalking Shades attend
The *Saints* no more ſhall conflict on the Deep,
Nor rugged Waves inſult the lab'ring Ship;
But from the Wreck in Triumph they *ariſe*,
And borne to *Bliſs*, ſhall tread *Empyreal Skies*.

*FINIS.*

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM